

American

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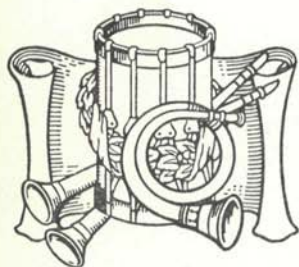
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FREEDOM IS YOUR HERITAGE! Protect It Now!

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fifty million
AMERICANS
in search of a
PARTY

THERE are 100 million Americans eligible to vote. Only 74 million of them bothered to register last fall. Of these only 42 million voted. Some 32 million who registered didn't feel sufficiently interested to vote for either party. And after all, why should they? What is the difference — the truly essential difference — between them?

In the campaign for the Presidency in 1952, some 62,637,000 voters out of 100,000,000 went to the polls. Roughly 40 million didn't



bother to vote for either candidate. And of those who did actually vote, vast armies did so holding their noses. Those who remained at home have been vindicated. No essential change has taken place in either the fundamental foreign or domestic policies of the nation. Nothing truly important happened in that election save to induce countless millions of Americans disgusted with the New Deal of Roosevelt and Truman and Acheson to vote for the New Deal of Eisenhower and Dulles.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

What confronts us is something profoundly significant — and even frightening. Without the American people being aware of it, this country has passed through a revolution on the sneaky-creepy model. Millions of those who voted for Eisenhower and Stevenson did so under the influence of ancient loyalties to party flags which no longer mean anything. Countless millions more remained away from the polls in sheer disgust and frustration.

Once upon a time, whatever the difference between the political parties, the leaders and the voters were moved by a deep and well-understood loyalty to a few great fundamental ideas about which there was little difference. The only central issue in the debates was — which party and which set of candidates could organize and manage best the affairs of a great free people?

This is no longer true. We have two major parties — the Republican and the Democratic. But neither of these parties stands for the Constitution framed by our fathers or for those few great, fundamental principles of government upon which our Constitution and our republic was founded and on which it rested securely for 144 years. Therefore, millions of Americans — Republicans and Democrats — stand literally disfranchised and voteless. And they will remain in this condition until some leadership appears that will provide them with a strong, patriotic party dedicated to restor-

ing and strengthening our Constitution and the great republic of limited and distributed powers for which it was written.

THE TWO major parties in America, in their later form and gospel, date from the close of the Civil War. The Democratic Party had been organized by Jefferson. But the Republican Party did not come into existence until 1860 with Abraham Lincoln as its first candidate. However, during the next 12 years the Civil War and the angry controversies following it consumed the interest of both parties.

It was not until 1872, when Horace Greeley ran against Grant in his second election, that the party cleavages of the next half century would be defined. Greeley, who was the number one crackpot of his day, got a huge popular vote, but not a single electoral vote. Grant was elected and in the next 60 years, up to 1932, the Democratic Party elected only two Presidents — Cleveland and Wilson.

Then in 1932, posing as the party of the Constitution, the party of the freeman, the party of limited government, it came into power with Franklin Roosevelt on the slippery chute of the depression — and promptly threw away its history, its platform, its promises; launched a war on the Constitution; packed the Supreme Court to disfigure the Constitution and to reduce the States to mere administrative prov-

inces; took over the Socialist platform and now has become, in fact, a mere arm of the socialist revolution.

I propose that we make an end of referring to that bedeviled army as the Democratic Party. I propose that it be referred to by the only name which describes it — the *Socialist Democratic Party*. It has become an asylum for Communists and leftists, the happy hunting ground for every brand of collectivist crackpot, and the partner of Britain in the crusade for something called One World — which is a name under which the United States is to be the sponsor of socialist Britain in the defense of Britain's empire.

BEGINNING with 1937, the Roosevelt Administration threw away all pretense of being the defender of the Constitution and the States. The moderate socialist reformers who had invaded the party were succeeded by Leftist warriors and sneaks of every description, until almost all the great bureaus of government swarmed with them. They had discovered a new economic gimmick — a theory that public debt is not like private debt. In a private debt, one man owes the money to another man. In a public debt, said the Reds and the Pinks, the debt is owed *to* the people and is owed *by* the people — the people owe it to themselves — and hence it is not really a debt.

With this oily economic dogma, cooked up in Harvard for Mr.

Roosevelt, this nation, beginning in 1937, embarked upon an adventure in prosperity created by government spending of borrowed money. The Administration spent on gaudy peacetime adventures of every description, but it soon discovered that it is difficult for a government to spend enough, however recklessly, in peacetime to create a great prosperity. Thus frustrated, and a little frightened by the rising taxes to service the debt, Mr. Roosevelt's Socialist Democratic Administration took us off into the oldest racket in history for creating prosperity and silencing criticism — war.

Thus on one side of the road we have the Socialist Democratic Party, out of the White House for the moment, but back in control of Congress and threatening a complete return two years from now, particularly if the present administration should manage, as seems possible, to find itself on the punishing end of our 20 years of war and debt — and headed into a depression. The intelligent voter, therefore, must recognize this fact — that the Socialist Party is no longer a factor. It polled 800,000 votes in 1932 and only 20,000 in 1952. The Socialists, plus the Communists, plus a vast army of pinkish collectivists of every shade have penetrated the Democratic Party.

No matter what troubled Americans of old-fashioned party connections may say, the Democratic Party is now a helpless captive. It is a mere

agency of what is known as Americans for Democratic Action. ADA is the socialist holding company. The Democratic Party is a mere satellite. ADA is the planning body of the new socialist movement. In the last national election, ADA named Stevenson as its candidate for President. He got 368,000 votes as the ADA's Liberal Party candidate in New York, plus his votes as a Democrat. The Democratic Party's campaign manager was Wilson Wyatt, first chairman of ADA. Mr. Stevenson's speech-making and wise-cracking staff was headed by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., another socialist organizer and co-chairman of ADA.

The orthodox Democrat is frustrated — since there is no place for him to go. If he lives in the South, there is a world of town, county and state activity in which he can participate as a Democrat, but in a national election he must take what the socialist captors of his party hand him. He might abscond and join the Republican Party, but the very name of that once powerful and now frustrated organization is unpleasant to his ears. He dislikes it because it was the enemy of the South. But in any case, it is now no better than the Democratic Party which has betrayed him.

THIS brings us, logically, to the state of puzzlement and frustration in which the Republican Party finds itself. It won a notable victory in 1952 by electing General Eisen-

hower. But within two years of that triumph, its majority in the House and Senate has been swept away, largely by a disgusted electorate which remained away from the polls.

Nothing could be more unprofitable than to suppose that the Republican Party, as now organized, can or will wage an effective war on the socialist drift and the internationalist adventures which Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles promote quite as vigorously and on the same pattern as Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson.

In our internal affairs, the President finds himself trapped in those socialistic adventures which the New Dealers employed to make jobs and create prosperity. There has been a trifling ease in the tax load, but of no real economic consequence. There has been no real alteration in the vast budgets for spending money to keep alive the fraudulent Roosevelt and Truman prosperity. This year, the cost of our government, under Mr. Eisenhower, is around 72 billion dollars, in which is included several billions of red ink.

Now the President launches his plan for that old and hated European curse — universal military training. Along with this goes the continuance of government spending on militarism in America, on endless socialist enterprises in our States, handouts running into more billions, buying up unused farm products to keep the price up to the non-farm population. To keep em-

ployment up, Eisenhower — like Truman and Roosevelt — keeps the orders for military equipment in full flow. These orders cost \$4,300,000,000 in the last fiscal year. They will cost 12 billion in the next.

Furthermore, the President shows the same disregard for the constitutional limitations on the Federal Government that characterized the behavior of Roosevelt and Truman. He shows the same addiction to conscripting the earnings and the substance of the American people to promote the economic security of the British Empire — thus taking on our shoulders a share of that hatred Britain earned by exploiting other and poorer peoples all over the globe.

The President's first appointment to the Supreme Court was the former Governor of California, a Republican New Dealer of the deepest pink hue. His first important decision, along with his colleagues in Roosevelt's and Truman's packed Supreme Court, has been to hold that the Federal Government has a right to dictate to the States the policies under which they will operate their public schools — a power which no President ever claimed in 165 years of the Republic.

IT MUST be obvious to the most superficial observer that it is impossible to bring either of these two parties back to a loyal submission to the Constitution and into a healthy retreat away from our imitation of

the vices and follies of Central and Western Europe.

To state the heart of our problem, we had here, for the first time in history, conquered that dread thing called "government." We had erected a system of social control which, blueprinted by a written Constitution, brought together a whole group of small republics — our States — presided over by a federal republic. Thus the dread powers of government that had been used throughout history to exploit man were so distributed that they could not be used by one powerful State to exploit or oppress our people.

A packed Court and an irresponsible President tore up the Constitution. A corrupt administration learned how to spend incredible billions to buy various minorities and keep itself in power. Driven out of power finally by an angry people, the administration which replaced it under a different party label turns out to be little else than an imitation of the same. As a result, we are a little beyond midstream in a revolutionary movement which threatens our economic stability and, far more serious, our fundamental liberties. We are trapped, first in the United Nations, and, in addition, through the State Department of Mr. Dulles, in the follies, wars, revolutions and disasters of the whole world.

From this entrapment there is no escape through either of the political parties now in existence. First, there is no essential difference between

them on the great issues of constitutional government. Second, the restoration of our federal republic is rendered impossible by the conduct of the leaders in both our political parties. The evidence of this is obvious in the fact that the Republican Party, when its opportunity came, adopted one of the White House pets as its candidate for President, with the result that the White House swarms with New Dealers.

The Democratic Party is now a hopeless captive of the Reds and Pinks. The Republican Party is equally futile because it has no settled principles, is heavily infiltrated by left-wing adventurers of various stripes, is hopelessly implicated in a group of costly friendships with dangerous allies, has forgotten the language of the Constitution, and is committed to continue the fatal policy of spending at home and abroad, plus the un-American institution of militarism. Even if it could reform, it could never entice those millions of loyal Americans in the South to join its ranks, because the very name is anathema in the South. And it has exhibited in a dramatic manner its futility by losing the Congress two years after an overwhelming victory.

THE ESSENTIALS of a new party can be quickly and clearly stated. It must pledge itself to a return to the Constitution in all its parts. It must recognize clearly that this is a federal republic and that the States,

in their own right, are sovereign republics, supreme within their own boundaries, save as specifically limited by the Constitution; that the Supreme Court, as at present constituted, is a lawless body dedicated to the destruction of our political and economic system; that the function of the federal republic is to govern the United States within severely contracted limits and not to attempt either to govern or to finance any other nation or continent; that it must be restrained from spending money, save in times of legally declared war, in any sum exceeding its tax revenues; and that it has no power, under the Constitution, to interfere in the educational systems, economic or cultural or other internal affairs of the sovereign States; that to this end the power of the federal government to collect income taxes shall be abolished or at least severely restricted; and that the United States shall get out of the United Nations and the United Nations shall be compelled to get out of the United States.

I believe there are millions of aggrieved, disillusioned, angry and shocked Americans waiting for such a party under respected and responsible leadership to make its appearance. Until this is done, nothing will be done to arrest the march of federal bureaucracy and socialist institutions and international extravagances and the ultimate dissolution of the Constitution without so much as the formality of a repeal.

Stamped **BONERS**

By Albert Abarbanel

WAS Christopher Columbus clean shaven or did he sport a magnificent full beard that historic day he discovered America back in 1492?

If we sought to solve this puzzler by examining a couple of postage stamps issued by Uncle Sam to commemorate the event some 400 years later, we'd end up more undecided than we started.

A stamp of one-cent denomination pictures Columbus gazing raptly ahead at the green island of San Salvador from the deck of the *Santa Maria*. There's no hint of a whisker on his face. A two-cent job depicts Columbus after the landing on San Salvador, and it shows him with a

beard of which Monty Woolley might be proud.

Obviously, somebody pulled a boner some place along the line. It is customary, when governments plan to issue stamps commemorating historic events, to employ competent artists. But artists frequently disagree in the details of their work. In this instance, one preferred his Columbus clean shaven, while the other favored him with a beard.

Columbus was the victim of another boner. In 1903, the St. Kitts-Nevis Islands in the West Indies issued a stamp showing America's discoverer surveying his find through an excellent retractable telescope.

The only trouble with this masterpiece of artistic imagination is that retractable telescopes were not invented until 100 years after Columbus was dead and buried.

Patriotic fervor scored a victory over historical accuracy in the case of the artist who designed a U.S. five-cent stamp depicting the landing of the Vikings on this continent around 1000 years ago. Prominent in the picture is the Stars and Stripes, waving triumphantly in the brisk breeze.

Among the results of postage stamp boners have been full-fledged wars, tense international situations that might have resulted in war if one side or the other hadn't backed down. Also involved was a decision by the United States Congress that Panama and not Nicaragua should be chosen for the route of the American canal.

IN THE Panama Canal incident, the stamp itself committed the boner of being in existence at the wrong time. Just after the turn of the present century it had become certain that the U.S. Government would finance and construct a canal across some narrow portion of Central America, but just where was a matter of warm debate. One group in the Congress favored Nicaragua, and another was equally enthusiastic for Panama.

Then Fate stepped in. In 1900, Nicaragua had issued a stamp showing the magnificent volcano Momo-

tombo towering in all its grandeur above a picturesque village. It also happened that Momotombo was situated close to the route proposed for the Nicaraguan canal. On May 14, 1902, Momotombo let go in a violent eruption, completely destroying the village pictured on the 1900 stamp.

In Washington, the French engineer Bunau-Varille was campaigning for a canal through Panama. As soon as he heard of the disastrous eruption he bought 96 of the Momotombo stamps from dealers and sent a stamp to each member of the U.S. Senate. The alerted Senators agreed that an active volcano would be no suitable neighbor for the proposed canal, and voted overwhelmingly in favor of a Panama route.

About a quarter of a century ago both Bolivia and Paraguay were claiming territory contiguous to both, known as the Chaco region. Friction between the two nations was tense. By some diabolical coincidence, both countries brought out a map-stamp in 1928 depicting their national boundaries. And each included the Chaco in its map-stamp.

The result of this unfortunate coincidence was immediate desultory fighting, followed by a full-scale war which raged from 1932 until 1935.

One controversial map-stamp came perilously close to involving the United States in a war with England. Almost 60 years ago, Venezuela issued the dynamite-packed stamp

showing its own territories and including part of the Orinoco Valley, which was also claimed by England.

John Bull was on the verge of occupying the disputed region with troops when President Grover Cleveland invoked the Monroe Doctrine and warned England that the United States would fight if Venezuela were attacked. Fortunately, Britain decided that the disputed boundary could be straightened out by arbitration.

EXTREME personal pride and jealousy have caused some weird stamp situations. Following the deposition and exile of Haitian President Salomon and the election of one of Salomon's enemies, the government was embarrassed to discover that it had a large supply of portrait stamps of the hated ex-president and no money to print an issue bearing the portrait of his successor. The new president was squawking about the indignity. Finally, the harassed government issued a special decree requiring users of the objectionable yet necessary stamps to paste them on letters upside down on the theory that this would constitute an affront to Salomon. If letters bore the stamps in the upright position they were returned to the senders, who had to pay a fine for their thoughtlessness.

Occasionally stamp designs have been deliberately altered. Political defiance was the motive of the Armenian artist-engraver who was responsible for the creation of a

Turkish memorial stamp in 1913. In his opinion Armenia was a brutally enslaved nation; it was even against the law to speak or write Armenian in Turkey.

He resolved to circumvent this law. On the new stamp underneath the words "Turkish Mail," he placed in very tiny Armenian script the derogatory inscription "*Postes Ottoman.*" His insult passed unnoticed by the Turkish authorities for two years, being noticed finally by an alert postal official. The artist was exiled for life.

In 1931, nationalist Bulgarians were aroused to a boiling point about an inaccuracy on a Turkish stamp. There were resolutions to fight Turkey if the stamp in question was not immediately withdrawn. Turkey had issued the stamp in French print to honor a meeting of the Balkan Federation. The close friendship of the Eastern European countries was symbolized by a tree whose roots extended in the direction of the capitals of Rumania, Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia. One of the roots, however, pointed straight to Bulgaria's capital, Sofia. Bulgaria, at that time, was at odds with the Balkan Federation and refused to have any connection with the other countries even on a stamp. Turkey apologized and withdrew the stamp in order to calm the enraged Bulgarians.

Another apparently harmless stamp almost resulted in the breach of diplomatic relations between England

and Chile on one hand, and Argentina on the other. On a newly issued stamp the Argentine government had surfaced its own country in black. The small islands on the country's lower southeastern coast appeared in the same color. England immediately protested. Argentina, on the stamp, had usurped the Falkland Islands over which the Union Jack had flown for many years. Chile protested on other grounds. Part of her own territory in the west had been incorporated in Argentina. Angry diplomatic exchanges, threatening retaliations, resulted in the destruction of the whole issue.

PERHAPS the most fantastic of all stamp frauds — requiring almost unbelievable gullibility on the part of the victims — was perpetrated in Paris in 1897. The Paris newspapers had announced a forthcoming visit of the King of Sedang, an island in the China Sea. The reason for the king's visit was to set up a French protectorate, since he feared annexation of his domain by the British.

Duly the King of Sedang arrived in Paris, accompanied by an appropriate retinue of ministers and servants. The royal party established residence in one of Paris' finest hotels.

A few days later, a chambermaid, while cleaning the king's study, noticed quite a few discarded envelopes in his wastebasket, all bearing cancelled Sedang stamps. She had never

seen Sedang stamps before, and she examined them with interest, for they were exceptionally colorful and exotic.

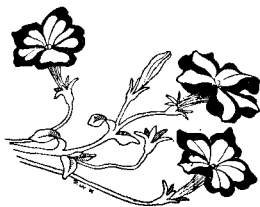
Knowing a little bit about stamp-collecting, she appropriated the discarded envelopes and took them to a stamp dealer, who promptly bought them and asked her for as many more as she could get. The dealer sensed a gold mine. The Sedang stamps were completely unknown, but he foresaw that regular mail communication between Sedang and France would soon be inaugurated. Uncancelled Sedang stamps would be in demand. A monopoly on the sale of Sedang stamps in Europe would make him rich.

So he formed a combine of several French dealers, all of whom had capital. The group sought an audience with the Prime Minister of Sedang, which was granted. For 100,000 francs, they received the monopoly they sought. In addition, they paid several hundred thousand francs more for uncanceled Sedang stamps in the possession of the king's party.

Jubilant over the deal, they went home. The following morning they learned to their horror that the king and his retinue had abruptly left Paris. Frantic inquiry soon revealed the bitter fact that they had been hoaxed: the "King of Sedang" was actually a notorious Japanese confidence man. No such island as Sedang even existed, and the stamps were, of course, outright phonies.



The Lost World of LAVANI



BY JOHN E. CARLOVA

High in the remote unexplored vastness of New Guinea lies the secret world called Lavani. This long and lovely valley, inhabited by a tribe of Stone Age men, was never glimpsed by an outsider until 1945, when an American Air Force plane crashed there. From that accident has stretched a train of events which now, almost ten years later, is resulting in a number of scientific and commercial expeditions to that long-hidden and forbidden Shangri-La, Lavani.

THROUGH a chilly mist at 13,000 feet, the big C-47 transport plane swooped down into a gateway between two towering mountain ranges. Suddenly it was as though a curtain was swept aside, revealing a sunlit valley as lush and serene as an English countryside. About 50 miles long and 15 miles wide, this pastoral paradise 9,000 feet in the sky lay locked in by jagged peaks, but on its forest-fringed flatland, villages and cultivated plots were laid out. This was the secret land of Lavani, New Guinea's hidden valley peopled by a lost race.

On board the C-47 that May 13, 1945, were 16 soldiers and eight WAC's from the U.S. airstrip at

Hollandia, New Guinea. As they peered at the beautiful valley, the plane apparently was caught up in a treacherous air current. Wings and controls seemed to lose their grip and the aircraft crashed into flames against a jungle-clad mountain slope. From that blazing pyre only three survived, Lieut. John McCollom, T/Sgt. Kenneth Decker and Cpl. Margaret Hastings, WAC; all of them were painfully hurt. For the next 47 days they were to live in the valley — the first white people the natives had ever seen.

The only thing the three Americans could salvage from the charred wreck was a bright yellow life raft and a few emergency tins of food.

Suffering from injuries, they decided there was nothing else to do but go down into the valley and seek help — even though they had heard that the inhabitants of Lavani were hostile and killed anyone who attempted to enter their lost kingdom.

As they waded through thick bamboo groves, the two men and the girl realized they were being watched. Several times they heard crackling in the dense underbrush and once they saw dark figures flitting ahead of them.

Just before nightfall, the foliage on one side ahead of them parted and a dusky giant stepped out, staring in open-mouthed amazement at these people whose skins were white. He was deep-chested and muscular, naked except for a loin-cloth of bark. He was carrying an ax made from a sharpened stone attached by thongs to a short wooden handle. He immediately disappeared into the jungle again.

Shortly afterwards the Americans staggered out onto a cleared slope and, thoroughly exhausted, lay down to rest.

DUSK was falling but they were too tired to care, when, out of nowhere, a circle of about 100 black-cloaked figures closed in to within 50 yards of them. The ankle-length cloaks were woven of fiber, with a snood-like arrangement to cover the head. When McCollom stood up to approach the dark figures, they all turned and fled down the slope, their

cloaks flapping like gigantic batwings.

"Guess they're more scared of us than we are of them," McCollom decided.

Encouraged, the three moved on down to the village. In the darkness, about 100 yards from its walls, they found three fires burning, surrounded by what appeared to be offerings. There were three cloaks, mounds of coconuts and bananas, and stone bowls piled high with roast pork, yams and crudely rolled cigars. They ate the food, wrapped themselves up in the warm cloaks and settled down for the night.

In the morning, the Americans had their first good look at the strange, Stone Age people of Lavani. Hundreds of them had poured out of the village and scores more were standing up on the walls and in the 50-foot watchtowers guarding the village. They were indeed a race of people that time had passed by.

The dusky giant the Americans had first seen — obviously the headman of the village — stood in the forefront of the crowd, now wearing an enormous wig of woven hair. The other men were much shorter, averaging about five feet eight, with hulking shoulders and bulging calves. They all had heavily carved features, thick lips, beetle-brows, flat noses and with the broad but receding chins reminiscent of neolithic man. The women had somewhat finer features and were more slender, some quite graceful.

Most of the men wore the same fantastic type of wig, shaped like a Cossack hat, about two feet wide at the top, a foot high and six inches thick. Apparently the bulk of the hair for these wigs came from the women, whose heads were shaven right down to the skulls. The women's styles, too, were simpler than the men's. Whereas the men sported jaunty G-strings — some decorated with bits of fur or feathers — the women wore nothing at all.

All of the men carried stone axes and some had four-foot bows with quivers full of rattan arrows. Several were puffing on enormous green cigars. The natives stood stock-still, staring at the two white men and the girl. It was a ticklish moment for the Americans.

Then McCollom had an idea. He picked up three of the cigars the natives had left for them, passed one each to Decker and Margaret and told them to light up. "The American Indians used to smoke pipes of peace," McCollom said. "Maybe these guys work on the same principle."

The sight of the three Americans puffing on the big cigars broke the spell. The natives turned to each other, grinning.

Just then Margaret threw back the hood of her cloak and the sun blazed on her blond hair. A great gasp of awe went up from the natives. Some went down on their knees and others stood pointing in amazement at Margaret's hair. The

headman advanced, bowed low before Margaret and placed his ax on the ground.

"They've never seen a blond before, and he thinks you're a goddess," Decker said.

THE HEADMAN now was gesturing towards the village gates. Trailed by hundreds of villagers, the Americans went inside the stone walls. The huts, some of stone, some of bamboo, were laid out in orderly rows along narrow avenues. The Americans were led to the largest stone house, which seemed to be a sort of temple or town hall. There were two doors to the one story, single-room structure, one in front and one in back, but no windows and it was dark inside.

Stoneware pots and pans as well as cups and dishes, some carved with primitive artistry, were laid out on the bare earthen floor. A pit for an open fire was dug near the back door. The only furniture was a wide fiber bedding mat stretched out along one side of the hut. Soon the headman and village elders indicated to Decker and McCollom that a nearby stone hut was to be their home.

This segregation of the sexes was a feature of Lavani home life. There were more women than men, and wives were allotted to a man according to his standing in the community, which seemed to be judged by strength. The headman, for instance, who obviously was the strongest male in the village, had seven wives;

most of the other men had at least two or three. But husbands and wives lived strictly apart. The men, in groups according to their village status, clubbed up in the stone houses, while women and children lived in the bamboo huts.

Girls were considered marriageable at about 14. There was no ceremony; or ring; the girl's second finger of her left hand was just chopped off as a mark of marriage. Her value as a wife was based more on her ability as a worker than her looks.

Margaret's hair was a subject of awe. She soon learned that the natives wanted her to comb it in public. The whole village gathered around, gazing in wonder as Margaret pulled the comb through her shining golden tresses. Representatives of other villages in the valley came to watch this ritual, all bearing gifts for the white goddess.

Blond combings were eagerly snatched up by the men and added to their own fantastic wigs. They would spend hours re-arranging and decorating these with flowers and feathers, slicking the most stubborn patches down with daubs of mud. The males also spent much time in sports — wrestling, weight-lifting huge boulders, hurling hefty logs, and a strange competition in which each man would see how far he could plunge a bamboo cane down his throat.

The Americans tried, without success, to question the natives about

a possible way out through the mountains, back to civilization. The Lavani language seemed to consist of nothing but a series of grunts and squeaks, interspersed by frequent outbursts of laughter. Attempts at sign language — waving up at the surrounding mountains and making downward motions — didn't help any, either. To these simple people, the only world was the one in which they were living.

THEN one day a search plane from Hollandia spotted the mountain gateway to Lavani, ventured in and saw the burned-out scar on the jungle where the C-47 had crashed. Shortly after, the bright yellow life raft was sighted outside the village walls — along with the three frantically waving survivors. The pilot quickly saw that it was impossible to land; but a two-way radio and food and a first-aid kit were dropped to the survivors. The next day the plane returned with more food and medicine, clothes, blankets, toilet articles and cosmetics for Margaret. This manna from heaven was an impressive miracle to the natives.

Meanwhile, American army authorities were perplexed by the problem of rescuing the survivors. It was impossible to walk in or out of the inaccessible valley, no airplane could land on the irregular fields and no helicopters were available in that part of the world.

Finally a glider expert was called in. He flew over the hidden valley

and decided that a glider might be dropped, then snatched up with the survivors aboard. First, however, a landing strip had to be cleared. This was done by ten paratroopers who were dropped into the valley. The job took six weeks, during which supplies were regularly dropped. The natives were not afraid of the white skymen, but gathered around every day to watch the work, thoughtfully munching prodigious amounts of rock salt.

On a fine, sunny morning a Dakota lumbered in over the mountains, towing the frail plywood glider behind it. The glider was cut loose over the valley — amid the oooo's and ahhhh's of the natives — and the pilot set it down on the cleared strip.

To enable the glider to be snatched back up into the air by the Dakota, the paratroops erected lofty poles on each side of the craft with a looped nylon cord strung between. To the cord was attached a strong but light nylon rope, 100 yards long, fastened at the other end to the nose of the glider. A length of elastic was in the middle of the rope to take the tearing strain of the first grab.

IT WAS time to go. Margaret was bedecked with farewell gifts of flowers and fruit. McCollom and Decker, each presented with a bow and arrow, shook hands with the village chiefs. The Americans climbed into the glider and were strapped into place.

As they awaited the hazardous pickup, even the natives seemed to sense the tenseness of the moment. The Dakota skimmed in low over the strip, the pickup hook was lowered, the engines throttled back to ease the force of the grab. Suddenly the glider jerked and shuddered, then staggered crazily forward as the Dakota pilot gunned his engines to clear the fast-approaching mountains ahead. Air speed dropped dangerously close to stalling, but picked up just in time to pull over the high, grim barrier to the outside world. Margaret, McCollom and Decker were soon back in the twentieth century after their fantastic glimpse into the distant past.

The lost world of Lavani returned to oblivion. The first atom bomb had just been dropped on Japan and the future behind its mushroom-shaped shadow occupied the attention of the civilized world.

Still, a few adventurous individuals remembered — and wondered. After the war, two expeditions tried to reach the fabulous hidden valley on foot. Both failed.

Finally, in July, 1954, the first white man walked into the strange world of Lavani. He was John Zehnder, a 28-year-old Australian geologist who had been sent out from Port Moresby, British New Guinea, to explore the mineral prospects of the unknown mountains of the interior.

For two months, Zehnder's large, well-organized expedition struggled through jungle wilderness, often

fighting off hordes of tribesmen who would attack them with split bamboo arrows, occasionally befriending a native with gifts of sea shells, mirrors and beads.

IT WAS one of these friendly natives, a wrinkled old man, who told the tale of a strange valley high in the mountains where men with white skins were said to live. Zehnder, of course, had heard about the C-47 crash during the war, but he was more interested in minerals than anthropology. He thanked the old man — then forgot about it.

But a few days later, high in a rugged area never before reached by white men, Zehnder saw a cleft in a 13,000-foot high, mist-shrouded mountain range. That, the old native told him, was the gateway to the strange hidden valley.

After two days of difficult climbing, they reached the crest of the high pass. Zehnder's breath was taken away by the serene beauty of the landscape spread before him.

Less peaceful were the battle lines of heavily-muscled dark "wigmen," armed with stone axes and bows and arrows, drawn up before the white man and his party. Some even had arrows drawn back in the bows, ready to let fly, when a cry from their chief stopped them. He was pointing at Zehnder's white skin.

To the geologist's amazement, he soon was surrounded by the now gleefully laughing "wigmen," all trying to touch him. The mystery

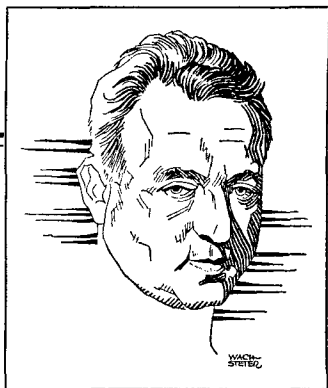
was cleared up when he was taken to a shrine in a stone hut and shown a collection of apparently sacred objects — the charred and twisted remains of an airplane propeller, a piece of a yellow life raft, a lipstick case, a corned beef can and a carefully preserved lock of golden hair.

For the next two days the geologist explored the valley, finding traces of gold, oil, iron and uranium. Zehnder's instruments told him that the floor of the valley was 16 miles long, 14 miles wide and 7,000 feet above sea level. Yet the "Shangri-La" valley in which the C-47 crashed had been described as 50 miles long, 15 miles wide and 9,000 feet above sea level. These discrepancies were finally explained. This smaller valley was an annex to the main valley of Lavani, 2,000 feet higher up and linked by a narrow mountain trail.

He returned to Port Moresby to tell the world of his discovery. Soon there will be many other white men returning — government patrols, scientists, geologists, oil and mineral company field researchers.

Anthropologists particularly consider Lavani a fertile field for research. Mineral exploitation companies intend to lay out airstrips in the hidden valleys and delve deeper into those traces of gold, oil and uranium.

Whether the lost people of Lavani like it or not, they are about to be whisked thousands of years through time — from the darkest Stone Age into the middle of the atomic age.



By
Eugene Lyons

The Pathos of **WINSTON CHURCHILL**

A BRILLIANT article on Sir Anthony Eden in a recent issue of *Life* included a few discreet sentences — almost whispered asides — on his great friend, Sir Winston Churchill, which seemed to me tragic in their implications. I felt that the author, Emmet John Hughes, was constrained in that passage by a sense of delicacy: that he said no more than he absolutely had to on a matter that could not be entirely ignored.

“There is a touch of saddening drama in the relations of the two men,” he wrote. The sadness flowed from the fact that “now all the years are weighing upon ‘the old boy,’ as Eden always refers to Churchill.

The keen mind wanders in a clouded world of colossal fears, hungry hopes, towering memories.”

The Churchill who slept soundly even through the bombing of London “now tosses in restless slumber. . . . Not age alone but fear, fear in the grand dimensions of Churchillian vision, are at work here. . . . In his agonized mind’s eye he sees an England in ashes, a hail of atomic bombs falling, neatly as a curtain, into the Irish Sea, leaving the westerly wind to carry their spray of death across the island.”

Mr. Hughes does not say explicitly that Eden, with whom he talked at length, feels himself handicapped

by having to conduct diplomacy in that oppressive aura of doom. But the implication seems clear enough. For he quotes Eden's words from another time, when another Prime Minister was similarly terrified by a creeping menace — then Brown, not Red.

"Hatred of war is good," Eden said in 1938, when the mad Hitler was on his rampage. "But fear of war is not so good. For fear of war paralyzes the will and no policy that is based upon fear . . . can be a policy that this country should follow."

Events very quickly proved him right. His own fame for calm realism, and even more so Churchill's, derived in fact from their refusal to succumb to the panic in which Neville Chamberlain operated at the time. They were as deeply opposed to war, as clear-eyed in visualizing its horrors, as anyone in England. But they understood that in dealing with an ambitious dictator, a loss of nerve is an invitation to attack.

AGAIN it is not simply hatred of war but a shuddering dread of it which is at the helm in England. The spectacle is chilling: the man who, beyond anyone else in our time, came to symbolize limitless courage in the face of supreme danger, tossing in a "clouded world" of the mind; somehow equating the deepening twilight of his own life with an approaching night for his nation and mankind.

One wonders whether Eden nowadays, in the intimacy of their ripe friendship, dares warn his chief that want of confidence is no better a guide to policy at present than it proved in the Munich period. Perhaps he is muted by sympathy, as in a sickroom.

But if he does speak, the Foreign Minister need only cite Sir Winston's own words in the years when another British Government was running scared. "The belief that security can be obtained by throwing a small state to the wolves is a fatal delusion," Churchill declared during the Czechoslovak crisis. In a hundred eloquent variations on the theme, he pleaded that only strength and resolute adherence to principle could curb the Nazis and stave off war.

But confidence seems to have oozed from Churchill's agonized heart since the Soviet Union developed its atom bomb. I write this in sorrow. No one these days can listen to the grand old man, as he begs for a meeting with Stalin, now Malenkov, without a pang of fellow-feeling. It is so clear that he is trying to warm his spirit in the heatless glow of a phosphorescent hope.

The sorrowful sight, however, should not be smothered in silence. The stakes are too great. The pathos of Churchill can be the tragedy of the human race.

For Churchill speaks not only with the voice of the United Kingdom but with the resonance of his

glorious reputation. The influence of a Bevan or an Attlee or a Mendès-France can be countered on the plane of argument, but not that of a Churchill. His mood infects the free world. For millions it is the clinching fact that tips the scales of judgment as between determined resistance to the Kremlin and shabby capitulation.

Even President Eisenhower, who two and a half years ago spoke ringingly of liberation from the Communist yoke, seems to have succumbed to the sorry make-believe of "peaceful coexistence," a *modus vivendi*, live-and-let-live bargain with the Kremlin. Can there be any doubt that the Churchillian despair, outsize like everything about that man, has played a big role in this transformation of the President?

THE state of affairs is profoundly tragic for at least three reasons:

The first is that what mankind, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, desperately needs today is the old Churchill. The one who saw so clearly that Hitler's shouted proffers of peaceful coexistence at a price, in Munich and after, were a fraud and a trap. The one who in Fulton, Missouri, and later in Boston alerted the American people to the threat of the Soviet drive for world dominion. That robust old Churchill is needed today to help dispel the fogs of fear that distort men's vision and the miasmas of self-doubt that choke their souls.

The second is that no other leader cast in his magnificent mold has yet arisen to fill the vacuum left by the abdication of the old Churchill. We have no one of his moral stature and moral eloquence to arouse the race from its torpor, to stir it to revulsion against total evil, to inspire faith and valor and a sense of destiny.

The third reason, edged with irony, is that the Churchillian despair is not warranted by the realities of the world picture. What makes them seem hopeless is our excess baggage of fear — and they will *become* hopeless unless we throw it off soon. Soviet Russia has been made strong by our fumbles and failures. Yet it is not nearly as strong as it appears through the mists of Western jitters, which magnify its powers and blur its inherent weaknesses.

The most fateful of those weaknesses is the hatred of the Soviet-dominated peoples for their rulers. Sir Alvary Cascoigne, British Ambassador to Moscow from 1951 to 1953, said last November 17th that in free elections in Soviet satellite countries no more than 10 per cent of the people would favor the present regimes; and that 90 per cent of the Russian people themselves were opposed to Communism. His predecessor, Sir David Kelly, has expressed views of the same general character.

The Kremlin cannot count implicitly upon the allegiance of the satellite states or the loyalty of its

own subjects. It remembers vividly what the non-Soviet world has chosen to forget: that in 1941-42 the Communist regime was close to being toppled over by the Russian peoples and was saved largely by the political insanity of the Hitler crowd.

The Kremlin is keenly conscious, too, of the events of June, 1953 — not only the spontaneous flareup of rebellion in East Germany and other areas but, more important, the flareup of mutiny among Red troops which refused to shoot at the rebellious German workers. Even in the nuclear age, a nation will not deliberately plunge into the final conflict while deeply in doubt of the support of its own subjects and subject nations.

NOT SINCE the propaganda campaign for a "second front" in the early war years have the thousand voices of international Communism been so loud on a single theme as they are today on "peaceful coexistence." Why?

Primarily because the Red hierarchs need time — time to digest their gigantic grabs; to consolidate a regime shaken to its core by the death of Stalin and the execution of Beria; to erase the substantial margin of superiority in weapons and over-all technology still held by the West; time, above all, to deal with discontented populations, restive puppet states, economic crises and other internal problems.

A less fear-ridden leadership in the free world would recognize this as a supreme opportunity to press its advantage and seize the initiative in world affairs. It would move to exploit the tensions within the Soviet orbit in order to keep the Red dictators off balance. It would revive in free men the self-confidence rooted in moral principle. These are the things that need to be done in order to insure against a bombing war.

Instead, our statesmen see only another opportunity for political appeasement and moral surrender, masked as a *modus vivendi*: the current equivalent of Chamberlain's "peace in our time." This despite the fact that all of them, and Churchill in particular, know that any understanding to "call off the Cold War," however it may be contrived, would be in itself a Red Cold-War measure. It would enable Moscow to destroy what remains of vigilance in the non-Soviet world while deploying its global forces for the next big push.

"'Peaceful coexistence,'" the London *Economist* of October 30, wrote, "is in origin a Communist phrase. . . . It has a sinister place in the glossary of Soviet double-talk. . . ."

"To the Russians, 'peaceful coexistence' is simply a temporary phase in which the free world is to be peacefully whittled away instead of aggressively beaten down. It is, as *Pravda* has lately been at pains to emphasize, incompatible with West-

ern 'positions of strength.' It is a stage on the road to Communist victory. It involves the West's acceptance of so many requirements of Russian and Chinese policy that it has no meaning in the Western sense at all. . . .

"'Coexistence' means in fact a gradual submission to the Communist will and to the 'new forces in history.'"

The "specters" which Churchill sees in his "nightmares" — ominous words used by Mr. Hughes in the article already cited — arise from the curious assumption that the Kremlin, unless placated and reassured, will launch a Third World War in a pique of temper.

SUPPOSE for a moment that this were true. How would an agreement to coexist prevent such suicidal behavior? Hitler crashed through solemn written commitments to desist from further force when he took Czechoslovakia, then Poland. Soviet Russia, when it invaded Finland, Poland and the Baltic states, tore up a stack of non-aggression pacts of its own manufacture.

What, come to think of it, does Moscow expect from the coexistence deal for which its propaganda minions are clamoring? If all it wants is to maintain the *status quo*, it surely needs no such deal; obviously the West is not going to do anything rash. Therefore it must have in view some kind of payoff — such as the exclusion of West Germany from

NATO, the withdrawal of U.S. naval strength from Formosa, the abandonment of Western efforts (meager but already annoying) to engage in political and psychological warfare.

If the Kremlin were merely concerned to avoid nuclear war, it would have no need for reassurance from our side. It is using the threat of such a war as a species of blackmail. It seeks once more to be reassured by appeasements — a deal calculated to soften us up for the kill. It aims to exchange the shadow of a live-and-let-live bargain for the substance of Western concessions.

Could what remains of Indo-China sleep more peacefully because Malenkov will contract (as Stalin did so often) not to use force in foreign affairs?

In truth the Soviet leaders are as determined to avoid a final conflict as we are. "I don't think you could drag the Soviet Union into a shooting war," General Mark Clark said recently, "— the Russians are doing too well at the Cold War they've been waging." In this judgment I would concur completely. A "real" war would endanger what they most value: the safety of their own hides and power. For the mystical Hitler, driven by apocalyptic furies, a 50-50 chance of victory was enough, but not for the hard-headed men in the Kremlin. These will stake their regime only if convinced that victory is a close-to-100 per cent certainty.

Not war in the traditional sense

but revolutionary offensive — the complex of pressures, including limited shooting wars that do not involve a world showdown, which has come to be called Cold War — is the standard Communist strategy. Indeed, the pretense of a truce when it fits their purposes is part and parcel of that strategy.

AT THE heart of the Churchillian dream of a settlement, now seconded by President Eisenhower, is the hope that the Communists will abandon the multitudinous mischief in which they are engaged all over the world. But “political” activity, meaning the Cold War, is precisely what Moscow *excludes* from the area of possible agreement for “peaceful coexistence.”

Communist activities in their own countries were “perfectly legitimate,” Molotov explained to a visiting group of British M.P.’s. Nikita Khrushchev was even more candid. Coexistence arrangements, he told British guests, would not of course apply to the “political” phase. Yet that is the very essence of the Western concept of a *modus vivendi*. Stripped of fear-induced hysterics, the Moscow proposal amounts to this: In return for a promise not to precipitate a hot war, the Communists are to be guaranteed more scope and an unimpeded right of way to push their Cold War!

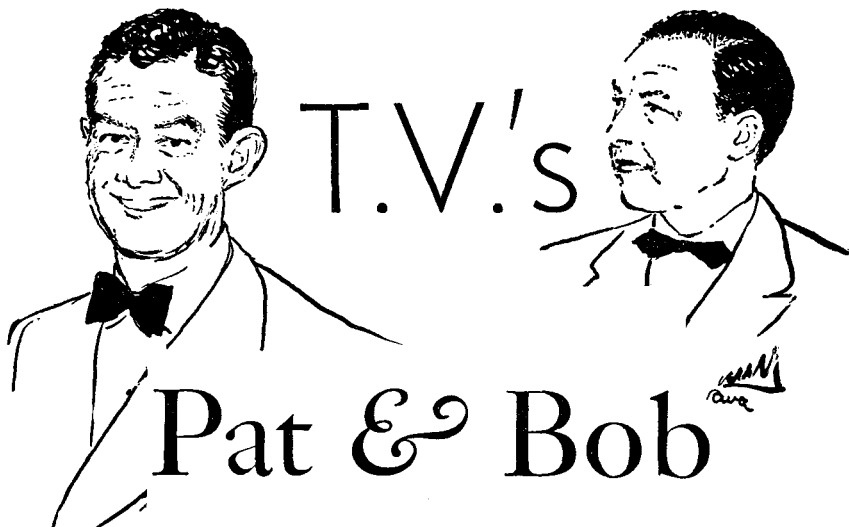
The Churchill of more robust

days would have seen through the gambit. He would have poured the lava of his scorn upon any free-world leaders who took it seriously.

The one certainty is that world Communism will continue to chip away at the vitality of the non-Soviet nations and peoples by propaganda, economic sabotage, civil chaos, guerrilla campaigns, tactics of confusion. No deals or bargains, however worded to soothe aching fears in clouded private worlds, can alter this. It is the very marrow of Communist conduct. Short of committing suicide, the Kremlin cannot “call off” its revolutionary offensive geared to global hegemony. It would cease to be Communist and therefore cease to be a problem to the world if it tried to dismantle its world apparatus of power or withdraw its tentacles from other countries and continents.

Like it or not, we must meet the real, immediate and mortal threat of Cold War. We must hearten and invigorate internal resistance in the Soviet sphere, forging an alliance with oppressed countries and captive populations, including the peoples in the U.S.S.R. proper. Of course this involves risks; but the risks of appeasement, however disguised in formulas of a meaningless coexistence, are infinitely greater.

His failure to see this as clearly as he did only a few years ago is the pathos of Winston Churchill.



By Irene Corbally Kuhn

THE technicolor marvel of transcontinental television will soon be a daily commonplace. Every day, visitors from all over the United States tour a limestone and granite granary of genius in New York's Rockefeller Center where magic is made. It's the familiar magic of radio, the newer magic of television, and the newest wonder, that technical miracle, color TV. Thousands see the magic, but few see the magicians, including the chief Merlins, two young men who are the most-talked-about-team in the business today.

Sylvester L. Weaver, Jr., called "Pat" for no special reason anyone can discover, was elected to the National Broadcasting Company's No.

1 job in December, 1953. At 45, he is one of the youngest corporation presidents in the country. But any man who can lick the two great ulcer-producing terrors of the television industry — dragging operational losses and the unusually high cost to advertisers — and do it in less than four years, is entitled to sit easy in the big chair and pick up the fat salary check.

Weaver's team-mate and second in command is nine years his junior, 36-year-old Robert W. Sarnoff, whose administrative abilities match the creative powers of the far-ranging Weaver mind. Pat Weaver dreams up the unorthodox and imaginative projects and programs; Bob

Sarnoff puts a practical base under them. Thus one man conceives the whole grand design, the opulent extravaganzas, the show-wise entertainment; the other gets the show on the road and sells the advertisers who put up the money to pay for it.

Pat Weaver envisaged the "spectaculars," those 90-minute shows simulcast in black-and-white and color over the compatible RCA color system. These are the shows with star names to conjure with — Betty Hutton, Ginger Rogers, Ann Southern, Margaret Sullivan, Joseph Cotton, Judy Holliday, Dick Shawn, Frank Sinatra, Martyn Green, Trevor Howard, to name just a few.

Early in January, 1954, NBC's new management team made the decision to go forward with the color spectacular, long in the planning stage at the network. All summer long the plans went forward. The team had three interlocking objectives: to start color programming on a major basis in order to spur the creation of a national color network service; to provide expanded programming to stimulate set production and marketing; and to bring a new sense of excitement to television.

Three different series of color spectaculars were created, and before the first program went on the air, all the programs were sold for a gross total of \$14,000,000. The spectaculars are now television's most-talked-about programs. They are revolutionizing present day marketing methods, creating dealer excite-

ment and attention, paying off artistically as well as financially.

THE spectaculars are elaborate musicals, like Betty Hutton's "Satin and Spurs," which launched the idea; the Otto Preminger production of Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30" starring Ginger Rogers; and Moss Hart's "Lady In the Dark," with Ann Southern playing the role the late Gertrude Lawrence created on the stage, and singing the Ira Gershwin-Kurt Weill songs. Jean-maire, Connie Russell and Paul Whiteman have appeared on them; so has Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski.

Or there are the Producers' Showcase presentations — hits like "State of the Union," and classics like "Macbeth" with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson. There is a filmed series, the Ford Theatre, sponsored by the motor car company.

Although there are only 10,000 color sets in the whole of the United States today, at least 2,000,000 persons have seen color television shows in public demonstrations, in dealers' showrooms and elsewhere, since the campaign got under way last September. Millions more, of course, have seen the same shows in black and white on their receivers at home.

RCA spent \$50,000,000 in color television research and development; and when the government's licensing agency for radio and TV, the Federal Communications Commission, approved its compatible system in December, 1953, the company

was ready. So were Pat and Bob.

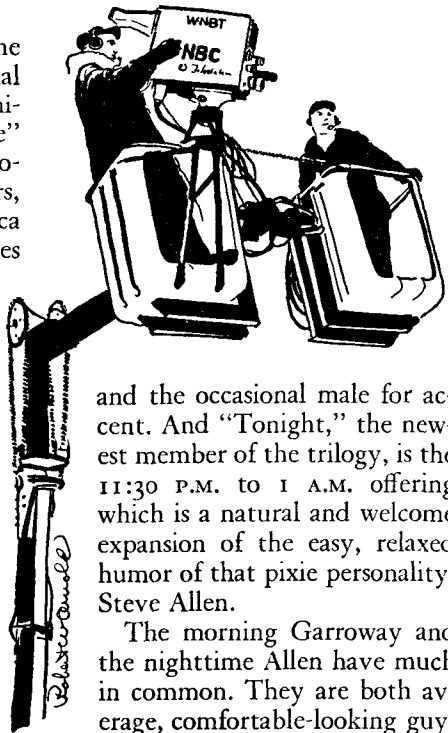
Weaver had the color TV plans all worked out in his head when he came to NBC in 1949 at young Sarnoff's behest. The pair had met in the Navy, liked each other, and found they could work well together. Both are well educated — Weaver is a Phi Beta Kappa from Dartmouth; Sarnoff is Harvard, '39, with an additional year at Columbia Law School. Both had a solid backlog of experience; Weaver, 23 years of advertising and radio; Sarnoff, 8 years with newspapers, magazines and broadcasting.

WEAVER is also the daddy of the THT combine, three original shows, now widely copied and imitated, named "Today," "Home" and "Tonight." These shows, together with the color spectaculars, the Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca programs, are outstanding examples of another Weaverrocketing idea, the magazine or editorial concept of programming. Taken together, the three THT shows have a potential value of \$25,000,000 yearly.

"Today" is the Dave Garroway telecast which goes on at 7 o'clock in the morning behind the plate glass windows of the RCA showrooms in West 49th Street in New York, and continues until 10 A.M. It's a fascinating mélange of the lank, loping Garroway, news, comedy, Garroway, music and Garroway.

The audience is not confined to the section of the population in the throes of getting up and getting to work. It includes those bright-eyes who are already up and abroad, and who gather on the sidewalk and press their noses against the plate glass and have the TV camera turned on them from time to time.

"Home" is the always-interesting, information-packed 11 A.M. to noon program for women, over which that pert and personable woman, Arlene Francis, presides with her galaxy of pretty domestic scientists



and the occasional male for accent. And "Tonight," the newest member of the trilogy, is the 11:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. offering which is a natural and welcome expansion of the easy, relaxed humor of that pixie personality, Steve Allen.

The morning Garroway and the nighttime Allen have much in common. They are both average, comfortable-looking guys

with horn-rimmed specs. They look like a couple of young men who are mighty happy to be doing what they're doing. Moreover, they act as if they know they are being paid to entertain, and they entertain. "Tonight" went on the air in late September with gross billings of \$500,000. Projected gross billings for 1955 are \$2,000,000. This is a sure index of success. In 1955, NBC will gross something like \$17,250,000 on its "magazine-type" shows alone, and all its TV operations will be in good, fat, healthy figures, on the right side of the ledger.

If you twist their collective arms, the broadcasting fraternity will now acknowledge that the Weaver-Sarnoff team is authentic genius. The high-powered advertising agency men in their fancy Madison Avenue offices have stopped kidding Phi Beta Kappa Weaver and the Boss' son, Sarnoff. They are all eating crow; but crow, even when served under glass at "21" with *sauce à la maison* and double martinis, is not what they prefer. For the magazine concept of selling is proving better for the network than the advertising agency. It is direct but effective. The network does not sell all of its time to one advertiser on a particular show at a particular time as used to be the case, just as a magazine or newspaper does not sell all of its white space to one advertiser. It parcels out segments at low cost, thus making TV advertising available to many small businesses which

otherwise would be unable to afford the medium.

SINCE no advertiser owns the show or dominates the time, control of the program, including its editorial direction, remains with the network. In Weaver's opinion, this could introduce a new era of thinking in airwave communication. At the least, it removes the dictatorial powers of an advertiser who may not know what makes a good program, and not even know that he doesn't know. It can weaken appreciably the overstrung voice of an advertising agency too set in long-time radio habits to adapt to television's flexibility.

Weaver championed the magazine concept from the day he joined NBC in 1949, fresh from one of the biggest advertising agencies of all, Young & Rubicam, where he headed all their radio and television activities and was top man for the American Tobacco Company, one of radio and TV's blue chip accounts. For an advertising man to conceive and put over a selling idea which took program control away from advertisers was well-nigh unforgivable. In fact, it was treason. The elegant hucksters in their charcoal-grey suits, pink stuffed shirts and sincere ties, regarded Weaver the way the ultrarich Boston Brahmins catalogued Franklin D. Roosevelt in the '30's — a traitor to his class.

When Weaver launched the early-morning Garroway show, the wise

boys snickered. They figured the costs would kill him and his exit from broadcasting would be quick and ignominious. Pat, who is six feet four, with freckles under his perpetual tan, is no thin-skinned tenderfoot. He viewed all this philosophically, and continues to do so even though he still has headaches from long-time sponsors and stubborn advertising men. "The transfer of power will take about five years," he said, "five years of trouble." That was in 1949. He guessed it right on the nose.

Television, so expensive to produce, must pay its way. Under the Weaver-Sarnoff administration, it will not be hogged by the wealthiest sponsors, the billion-dollar corporations able to afford its heavy tariff, and tie up its choicest time spots. Now the small businesses can get in too.

IN 1953, NBC had 165 advertisers compared with 95 for Columbia, its nearest rival. The NBC figure represents an all-time high for any network. In 1954, NBC brought 25 new advertisers into network television, compared with the 12 new ones at CBS. Thus NBC with its magazine-type shows is recruiting twice as many new sponsors to TV as its principal competitor.

On NBC in 1953, there were 18 advertisers who spent less than \$100,000 in all media, little businesses and enterprises which otherwise probably would have been de-

prived of TV advertising because of its cost. In that same year when "Today" was becoming a popular, pulling show, and developing Weaver's new concept of participation selling to many advertisers instead of exclusively to one, 13 companies bought TV network time from NBC at a cost of less than \$10,000 apiece. Small business is getting into a new type of productive advertising for its products, and the public is hearing about and *seeing* demonstrations of new products, close-up. A few manufacturers, gambling their modest advertising budget on Weaver's ideas, have had success far ahead of their normal expectations.

All this was noted by the powers-that-be, and five years after Pat Weaver began to sweat out his convictions, the Board of Directors of the Radio Corporation of America, NBC's parent company, gave him the nice, air-conditioned presidential offices at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. He had risked his reputation and his career on his ideas, and the gamble had paid off.

He's the youngest big man in the broadcasting business today and he's only started. The key to the man's thinking is the way he sees television.

"It isn't a show, or a star, or news, or an event that comes into your living room. A TV set isn't just a 21-inch screen, either. It's a window on the world. You can see and hear everything, everywhere, on it," he says.

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By **HAROLD HELFER**

✓ When Attorney General E. R. Callister of Utah proposed that the death sentence be abolished, he promptly received a letter of approval signed: "Don Jesse Neal, Death Row, Utah State Prison."

✓ When the county made what Jimmy Wilson of Pensacola, Florida, considered only "half-way" repairs on holes in the street, he hired a two-man crew, hauled in some 22 truckloads of crushed cement block and finished the job himself.

✓ At French Lick, Indiana, a gambling casino was converted into a home for aged women.

✓ Mayor Sherwood Bowers of Manchester, Connecticut, is always passing out plums to his friends and cronies, but his political opponents can't make much political hay out of it. Mayor Bowers raises the fruit as a hobby.

✓ The State Magistrates Association of Washington adopted a resolution asking the legislature to outlaw jailbreaking. At present, it is not illegal in the State of Washington.

✓ Probably the man most disappointed by the Giants' four-game sweep of the World Series was Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey. For eight weeks, his staff planned his speaking schedules so he could leave Tulsa by plane, make two transfers to special planes en route and arrive in Cleveland for the fifth game.

✓ A Hastings, Nebraska, motorist picked up for reckless driving told the judge: "Well, sir, I guess I was thinking about politics and just naturally drifted a bit to left of center."

✓ Oklahoma Governor Johnston Murray canceled plans for a telephone switchboard at the capitol because "it was loudly yakked around that the governor's big ear would be listening in on the conversations."



Senators, Too, Are Susceptible!

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

SENATOR Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wisc.) evoked a howl of indignation when he declared of the Watkins Censure Committee that the Communist Party had "made a committee of the Senate its unwitting handmaiden."

The truth or falsity of McCarthy's statement cannot be determined by an appeal to angry emotions. The weight of evidence alone, based upon the cold facts of Communist propaganda techniques, can settle this issue.

Knowledge of the operations of the Communist conspiracy is a pre-

requisite to an understanding of how non-Communists and even anti-Communists are frequently made the unwitting agents of Communist propaganda. Admittedly, few members of the United States Senate possess adequate information on this subject. It is a fact, nevertheless, that the Communist Party for many years has been making dupes of large numbers of Americans. At times, millions of gullible Americans have swallowed Communist propaganda, hook, line, and sinker, without the slightest awareness of what they were doing. In a recent magazine

article, entitled "The Communists Are After Our Minds," J. Edgar Hoover made a startling exposure of how the Communists have succeeded by subtle methods in controlling the thoughts and attitudes of large sections of the American people.

United States Senators, in many instances, have shown themselves to be just as susceptible to the fake appeals of the Kremlin's propaganda apparatus as professors, lawyers, social workers, artists, scientists, and clergymen. In the debate on the censure-McCarthy resolution, it was frequently alleged or implied by Senators, the press, and the radio that members of the United States Senate are, by definition, beyond the reach of pro-Communist propaganda. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The claim that Senators are immune to Communist propaganda is too silly for words.

FOR THOSE who are willing to look facts in the face, this is a documented story of success attained by the Communist Party in recruiting United States Senators for the support of the Communist-front apparatus. It is a public record; it was not invented or doctored by McCarthy. In the entire history of the Communist movement in this country, the membership of few — if any — non-Communist bodies has been involved more extensively in the Communist-front deception than the membership of the Senate.

Let us look at the record.

During the past fifteen years, there have been approximately two hundred and forty men who have borne the honorable title of United States Senator. Forty-eight of these members of the most exclusive club in the world at one time or another have lent the support of their names and prestige in one way or another to the operations of the Communist-front organizations. That is twenty percent of the total.

In 1942 and again in 1945, the high point of Communist-front influence was reached among the members of the Senate. In those years, thirty individual Senators were affiliated — according to public records — with Communist fronts. That was slightly more than thirty-one percent of the total membership.

Fourteen members of the present Senate (1955) have records of affiliation with the Communist-front apparatus.

It is a matter of record that bitter election campaigns have been waged against Senators on the basis of their Communist-front affiliations. In some cases, Senators have been unseated largely because of such campaigns. The Communist-front record of Senator Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah) was a decisive factor in his defeat by Wallace Bennett (R-Utah) in 1950. Was Senator Bennett guilty of "abusing" a United States Senator when he campaigned against Thomas on the basis of his extensive collaboration with the

fronts of the Communist Party? Is this business strictly a matter of the club spirit which forbids one Senator from calling attention to another Senator's unwitting support of the Communist propaganda apparatus, but permits a candidate for the Senate the utmost freedom of speech in accusing his opponent who holds the contested Senate seat?

Senator George Smathers (D-Fla.) unseated Senator Claude Pepper (D-Fla.) in a campaign in which Smathers dealt fully and freely with Pepper's Communist-front record. Should Smathers be censured for "abusing" Pepper?

LET US take up various units of the Communist apparatus, in alphabetical order, and name the Senators who have supported them in one way or another.

According to *The Worker* (Communist Party newspaper) of September 3, 1944, Senator James E. Murray (D-Mont.) was listed as a speaker for the Abraham Lincoln School, the Communist Party's training school in Chicago. In the course of his address to these Communist conspirators and enemies of the United States, Senator Murray paid tribute to them in the following language: "The front on which the Abraham Lincoln School and similar institutions of learning are today fighting for the protection of democracy is a front that must not be neglected if liberty and freedom are to survive. They are fighting the battle for a

better world and for a lasting peace."

Senator Murray's conduct in addressing the rally of the Abraham Lincoln School was not one of those cases in which the alibi of "refugee relief" is employed by the supporter of the Communist-front apparatus. Senator Murray went straight to the heart of the Communist conspiracy and indulged in shocking flattery of the conspirators.

The American Birobidjan Committee was set up by Communists for the express purpose of building and aiding a Communist homeland for Jews in the Soviet Union. According to public records, the following United States Senators have supported the work of the American Birobidjan Committee: William Langer (R-N.D.); Harley M. Kilgore (D-W.Va.); Alben W. Barkley (D-Ky.); Robert F. Wagner (D-N.Y.); and Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah). When Senator Barkley addressed a luncheon of the American Birobidjan Committee, the *Daily Worker* of January 28, 1946, headlined the report of his speech with the words, "Barkley Lauds USSR for Freedom from Bias."

THE American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born is the oldest Communist-front still functioning in the United States. Its principal activity during the past thirty years has been agitation against the deportation of alien Communists. It has been cited as "subversive and Communist" by

the Attorney General. Senator Herbert H. Lehman (D-N.Y.) has been a speaker for the ACPFB. Sponsors of the organization have included Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah); James J. Davis (R-Pa.); Frank P. Graham (D-N.C.); and Elmer A. Benson (FL-Minn.). The following Senators have sent messages to annual conferences of the ACPFB: Lewis B. Schwellenbach (D-Wash.); Hugo L. Black (D-Ala.); Joseph F. Guffey (D-Pa.); James M. Mead (D-N.Y.); Robert F. Wagner (D-N.Y.); and Brien McMahon (D-Conn.). A letter of birthday tribute, circulated by the ACPFB, was signed by the following Senators: Harley M. Kilgore (D-W.Va.); Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.); James E. Murray (D-Mont.); Francis J. Myers (D-Pa.); and Claude Pepper (D-Fla.).

The American Committee for Yugoslav Relief, cited as Communist by Democratic Attorney General Tom Clark and Republican Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., had a highly significant ending. Its activities, allegedly for relief, covered only the period of Tito's subservience to the Kremlin. Then came a day when the Cominform denounced Tito. Within a matter of hours, the ACYR was disbanded, as though the Yugoslavs were no longer in need of relief. This was a dramatic confession that the ACYR was a unit of the American Communist apparatus, and not a relief agency. Drawn into support of one of the

fake relief campaigns of the ACYR were the following United States Senators: Harley M. Kilgore (D-W.Va.); Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.); Leverett Saltonstall (R-Mass.); Glen H. Taylor (D-Ida.); Robert F. Wagner (D-N.Y.); Claude Pepper (D-Fla.); and Joseph F. Guffey (D-Pa.).

The American Friends of the Chinese People, a Communist-front which supported the Red conquest of China, listed Senator Paul H. Douglas (D-Ill.) as a member of its national advisory board.

The American Investors Union, cited as a Communist-front by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, listed Senator Douglas as a sponsor.

THE American League Against War and Fascism, which changed its name to the American League for Peace and Democracy before it was disbanded, was the largest Communist organization ever set up in the United States. At one time it claimed six million members in its affiliated groups. While this figure must be considered an exaggeration, it remains true that the ALPD exerted wide influence. Listed publicly as speakers, sponsors, or supporters of the ALPD at one time or another, were the following men who have sat in the United States Senate: William Langer (R-N.D.); Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.); Harold H. Burton (R-Ohio); Arthur Capper (R-Kans.); Gerald P.

Nye (R-N.D.); Frank P. Graham (D-N.C.); James P. Pope (D-Ida.); and Robert F. Wagner (D-N.Y.).

The American Slav Congress has been cited as "subversive and Communist" by both Democratic and Republican Attorneys General. The organization gave a banquet for Claude Pepper (D-Fla.) which was sponsored by Senator James E. Murray (D-Mont.). Senator Prentiss Brown (D-Mich.) participated in the activity of the American Slav Congress at its inception.

The American Youth Congress — Mrs. Roosevelt's pet Communist organization — was one of the most influential of the Communist Party's organizations in its day. It was supported by the following Senators: Paul H. Douglas (D-Ill.); W. Warren Barbour (R-N.J.); Lynn J. Frazier (R-N.D.); and Marvel M. Logan (D-Ky.).

The China Welfare Appeal, dedicated to the support of the Red regime in China before and after the outbreak of the Korean War, listed Senator Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.) as one of its sponsors in 1951.

The program of the Council on African Affairs, the Communist-front organization long headed by Paul Robeson, was supported by Senator Downey (D-Calif.).

One of the lesser-known Communist-front organizations was called Friends of Italian Democracy. According to its printed program, its members included two men who

have sat in the United States Senate: John O. Pastore (D-R.I.) and Elmer A. Benson (FL-Minn.). Other members of the Friends of Italian Democracy included the following Fifth Amendment Communists: Edwin Berry Burgum, Frederick V. Field, Dashiell Hammett, Rockwell Kent, Gene Weltfish, and Nathan Witt.

SENATOR Ernest Lundeen (FL-Minn.) was a regular speaker for the Communist Party's Friends of the Soviet Union. Lundeen was on his way to address the founding convention of the American Peace Mobilization in Chicago when he met his death in an airplane disaster. Lundeen also had affiliations with the International Workers Order and the Workers Alliance. The FSU, the APM, the IWO, and the WA have all been cited as "subversive and Communist" by the Attorneys General of the United States.

Henrik Shipstead (FL-R-Minn.) was an official of the Garland Fund, which was for many years an important source of income for many of the Communist enterprises in the United States.

The Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions was launched by the "cultural commission" of the Communist Party. It was the predecessor of the present-day Communist-controlled National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. These organizations have been fully exposed in an exhaustive report of the Con-

gressional Committee on Un-American Activities. According to public records, the following men who have been members of the United States Senate have been affiliated with the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions: Wayne L. Morse (R-Ind.-Ore.); Glen H. Taylor (D-Ida.); Charles W. Tobey (R-N.H.); and Robert F. Wagner (D-N.Y.).

In all the history of the Communist movement in the United States, no other unit of the conspiratorial apparatus has been more blatantly or more obviously an agency of the Kremlin than the International Labor Defense. Attorney General Francis Biddle termed the ILD "the legal arm of the Communist Party." Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., has cited the organization as Communist. It exists today under a new name, but with the old Kremlin odor. It is currently known as the Civil Rights Congress. Despite these incontrovertible facts, the following United States Senators have, according to public records, sent greetings and messages to the ILD wishing it success: Claude Pepper (D-Fla.); Lewis B. Schwollenbach (D-Wash.); Theodore Francis Green (D-R.I.); Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah); Frank P. Graham (D-N.C.); and Abe Murdock (D-Utah).

United States Senator George H. Bender (R-Ohio) was a sponsor of the Committee for Equal Justice for Mrs. Recy Taylor, an auxiliary of the International Labor Defense.

Glen H. Taylor (D-Ida.) and Elmer A. Benson (FL-Minn.) were sponsors of the founding convention of the Civil Rights Congress when the International Labor Defense was merged with the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties to form the present-day Communist organization.

William Langer (R-N.D.) has been a speaker for the Civil Rights Congress.

Probably the most astonishing of all the Senatorial affiliations with the Communist apparatus was Senator Warren G. Magnuson's (D-Wash.) reported sponsorship of the Bill of Rights Conference of the Civil Rights Congress. This conference, held in New York City, in July, 1949, was an all-out Communist smear attack on the FBI. It was originated, led, and addressed by the top leadership of the Communist Party.

SENATOR Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah) was a sponsor of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the Communist organization which was exposed as the financial angel of Communist agent Gerhart Eisler.

The National Citizens Emergency Relief Committee to Aid Strikers' Families was an *ad hoc* Communist-front set up to raise money for the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America when the latter union was on strike against General Electric in the early part of 1946. On November 2, 1949, the

11th constitutional convention of the CIO, meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, adopted a resolution expelling the UERMWA from membership in the CIO. The opening words of the resolution read as follows: "We can no longer tolerate within the family of CIO the Communist Party masquerading as a labor union."

In a speech supporting the resolution to expel the UERMWA from the CIO, President Philip Murray made some stinging comments — belated by about ten years, as they were — on the subservience of the UERMWA to the Kremlin. Murray said: "They (the UERMWA) prefer to follow the philosophy of Communism and be the satellites of Communism and be the satellites of Sovietism rather than to be loyal to their own country. . . . They follow the Party line and they follow it religiously on every issue. They dare not stand upon their dirty feet and give any expression of opposition to anything that the Soviets are doing. They are inbred with a feeling of hatred against democratic institutions and democratic countries. . . . They would spread their doctrine of fear and hatred among the people of the United States. If our country were engulfed in another war — and God forbid that it ever should be — they would go underground and undermine the people of the United States of America and this government of ours. . . . Their allegiances are pledged to a foreign government."

It is now in order to name the United States Senators who were listed publicly as supporters of the largest Communist outfit, the UERMWA, ever to disguise itself as a labor union. They were: Harley M. Kilgore (D-W.Va.); Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.); Claude D. Pepper (D-Fla.); Francis J. Myers (D-Pa.); Joseph F. Guffey (D-Pa.); Robert M. LaFollette, Jr. (Prog-R-Wisc.); James M. Mead (D-N.Y.); Hugh B. Mitchell (D-Wash.); and Matthew M. Neely (D-W.Va.).

THE following reference to the National Citizens Political Action Committee appears in the *Guide to Subversive Organizations*, issued by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities: "PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS OF AMERICA. Cited as a 'new and broader Communist-front for the entire United States' formed in September, 1946, at the direction of 'Communist steering committees' from the 'Communist-dominated National Citizens Political Action Committee' and the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions." The following men who have sat in the United States Senate were speakers, sponsors, or supporters in other ways of the NC-PAC: Wayne L. Morse (R-Ind.-Ore.); James E. Murray (D-Mont.); Alben W. Barkley (D-Ky.); Joseph C. O'Mahoney (D-Wyo.); James M. Mead (D-N.Y.); George W. Norris (R-Ind.-Nebr.); Brien McMahon

(D-Conn.); Hugo L. Black (D-Ala.); James P. Pope (D-Ida.); Lewis B. Schwellenbach (D-Wash.); William H. Smathers (D-N.J.); Robert F. Wagner (D-N.Y.); Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah); Francis J. Myers (D-Pa.); Cordell Hull (D-Tenn.); and Sheridan Downey (D-Calif.). It is pertinent to call attention to the fact that the general counsel of the NC-PAC was John Abt, a Fifth Amendment Communist who was named as a member of the Communist espionage cell in the Federal government.

The National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax was a Communist-front organization which was subsidized by the Sound View Foundation, a Communist agency whose funds were disbursed exclusively to Communist enterprises. The facts concerning this organization and its financial angel were set forth in a volume popularly known as Appendix IX of the Dies Committee. According to public records, the following United States Senators were affiliated with the National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax: Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.); George H. Bender (R-Ohio), vice-chairman of the organization; Arthur Capper (R-Kans.); and James M. Mead (D-N.Y.).

One of the most influential units of the Communist-front apparatus is the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. It has been cited as Communist and subversive by Democratic Attorney General Tom

Clark and Republican Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr. Mr. Brownell recently cited it to appear before the Subversive Activities Control Board to show cause why it should not be required to register in accordance with the provisions of the Internal Security Act of 1950. According to public records, the following men who have sat in the United States Senate have been affiliated with the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship: Arthur Capper (R-Kans.); Theodore F. Green (D-R.I.); Joseph F. Guffey (D-Pa.); Herbert H. Lehman (D-N.Y.); Kenneth McKellar (D-Tenn.); James E. Murray (D-Mont.); Claude D. Pepper (D-Fla.); Leverett Saltonstall (R-Mass.); Elbert D. Thomas (D-Utah); Glen H. Taylor (D-Ida.); Elmer A. Benson (FL-Minn.); and Cordell Hull (D-Tenn.).

THE National Council of Scientific, Professional, Art, and White Collar Organizations was a Communist-front with such a long name that *Daily Worker* reporters never succeeded in giving it correctly in their stories about its activities. It was, nevertheless, one of their units. Its executive director, Evelyn Adler, was a member of the Communist Party. Its secretary was Olive Van Horn, who has since become the secretary of the present-day Communist-front, the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Acts. Its treasurer, Alex B. Novikoff,

invoked the Fifth Amendment when he appeared before the Jenner Committee. The organization was reported to have received greetings from former United States Senator Harry S. Truman (D-Mo.); and from Claude D. Pepper (D-Fla.) and Robert F. Wagner (D-N.Y.).

On the 25th anniversary of the Red Army, the Communist Party's weekly *New Masses* organized a celebration. Few events in the history of the world augured more ill for humanity than the birth of the Red Army. This fact about the Red Army was as clear on its 25th anniversary as it is today, to all who had not come under the evil spell of Communist propaganda. The Communist Party's *New Masses* listed the following United States Senators as sponsors of its celebration of the birth of Red Russia's legions of terror: Frank P. Graham (D-N.C.); Joseph F. Guffey (D-Pa.); James E. Murray (D-Mont.); and Claude Pepper (D-Fla.).

Sponsors of *Protestant Digest*, a fake religious magazine published by Communist Kenneth Leslie, included the following United States Senators: Theodore F. Green (D-R.I.); Sheridan Downey (D-Calif.); and James J. Davis (R-Pa.).

THE Southern Conference for Human Welfare was known from its inception in 1938 to be a Communist front. In 1947, the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities issued an exhaustive re-

port on the subversive and Communist character of the organization. Former United States Senator Hugo L. Black addressed the SCHW and was the recipient of its annual medal. Frank P. Graham (D-N.C.) was chairman of the organization for a number of years; and Claude D. Pepper (D-Fla.) and Burnet Maybank (D-S.C.) were vice-chairmen. James P. Pope (D-Ida.) and John H. Bankhead (D-Ala.) participated in the activities of the SCHW. In recent years, the organization has been known as the Southern Conference Educational Fund. In 1954, it was the subject of extensive public hearings before the Jenner Committee. United States Senator Eastland presided at these hearings in New Orleans.

Senator James M. Mead (D-N.Y.) was listed as a sponsor of the Testimonial Dinner in honor of Ferdinand C. Smith in September, 1944. Smith was a known member of the Communist Party and a national officer of the Communist-controlled National Maritime Union. He was eventually deported from the United States to his native West Indies as an alien Communist.

Some years ago, the Communist Party of the United States — a section of the international Communist conspiracy — launched its fake "peace offensive" with an organization which was known as the Win-the-Peace Conference. This organization was branded as "subversive and Communist" by Attorney Gen-

eral Tom Clark. Four men who have sat in the United States Senate were listed as sponsors of this conference: Estes Kefauver (D-Tenn.); Harley Kilgore (D-W.Va.); Glen H. Taylor (D-Ida.); and Elmer A. Benson (FL-Minn.).

Parenthetically, it should be noted that members of the House of Representatives have also been brought under the influence of Communist propaganda. When the Communist and subversive Win-the-Peace Conference was held in Washington, D.C., it listed as sponsors sixteen Democratic members of the House. These sixteen legislators constituted six and two-thirds percent of the entire Democratic membership of the House at the time. Incontrovertible evidence shows that at least two of these Democrats were members of the Communist Party.

IN THE course of this article, the names of fifty United States Sen-

ators, past and present, have been listed as supporters of the Communist apparatus in one way or another.

It is not suggested, directly or indirectly, that any one of these Senators is or ever has been a member of the Communist Party, an ideological Communist, or a Communist sympathizer. On the other hand, it is clear that many Senators have been careless of their affiliations, some more careless than others.

For lack of space, hundreds of Communist-front affiliations of these fifty Senators have been omitted. To have included all of them would require an article several times as long as the present one. Enough detailed evidence has been given to prove that United States Senators have been susceptible to the appeals of Communist propaganda. There was, therefore, nothing in the nature of the impossible in the Senator's statement that the Communist Party had "made a committee of the Senate its unwitting handmaiden."



PRIMITIVE PRESCRIPTIONS

By Jerry Klein

AS DARKNESS FELL over the exotic foliage of the Bogar Botanical Gardens one recent evening, four Indonesians slipped into the zoological museum. The thieves worked all night and got away with — seven horns, which they sawed off rhinoceros heads mounted in the museum.

Why the weird interest in stealing rhinoceros horns?

A museum curator, J. E. Jany, explained that the horns are worth about \$7,000 — even more than

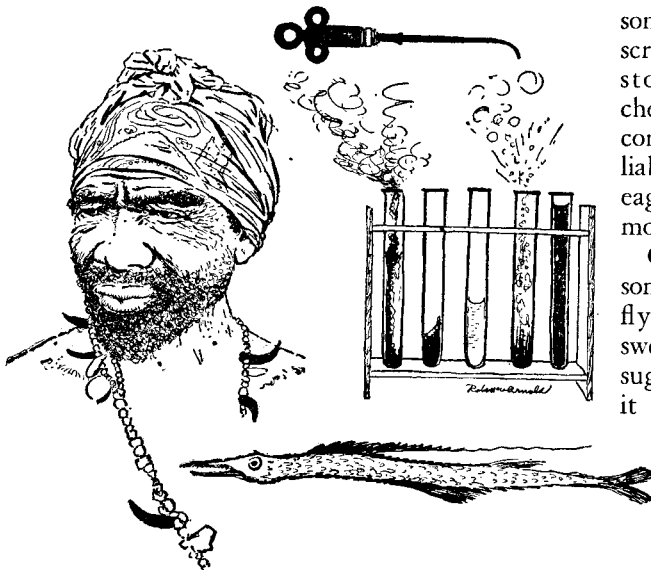
their weight in gold — to Indonesian medicine men. These primitive physicians grind rhinoceros horn into powder and use it to treat a variety of ailments, from headache to sexual impotence.

Mr. Jany also pointed out that rhinoceros horns are so valued by native medicine men that Indonesia maintains three reservations to protect the animals against being slaughtered for their headgear.

Of course, the rhinoceros isn't the only kind of wild life which is liable to wind up in some primitive prescription. The well-stocked medicine chest in many homes contains such old reliables as snake ash, eagle gall and baked mole.

Got a cough? Try some baked dragonfly. The Japanese swear by it. They suggest that you mix it with some sugar and let it melt in your mouth. Yummy!

The Japanese also use dried



salamanders to treat women's diseases; locusts for beri-beri; newts for heart ailments; mantises for kidney trouble; and snails for pleurisy.

How's your blood pressure? Powdered tongue of fox will set it right, the Japanese believe. They also recommend charred bat to prevent epilepsy, as well as charred earthworm and monkey brain for general aches and pains. The monkey brain medicine is most expensive, running about \$4 a dose.

One store in Tokyo alone supplies about \$1,000,000 worth of these strange remedies a year. The proprietor, Zenkichi Asami, claims that the preparations do wonders because they are packed with vitamins and minerals. Mr. Asami employs fifty persons, who scour the countryside for his queer ingredients.

Snake ash is used by some natives of New Guinea to protect themselves against being bitten by snakes. They reduce a snake to ashes and rub the dust on their legs before entering the jungle.

Baked mole is prescribed to cure asthma in several parts of Asia. And the gall of an eagle is considered powerful in some sections of Greece. The theory is that by rubbing some over your eyes, you'll make your vision as sharp as the eagle's.

THIS NOTION that you can become whatever you eat is an ancient one. Supposedly, by eating the heart of a lion you take in all the strength and bravery locked inside.

Tiger meat is eaten for courage in India. But it is forbidden for women to eat the animal because "it would make them too strong-minded."

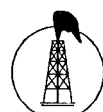
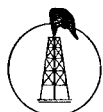
Other Indians eat the eyes of owls to improve their vision. Moroccans swallow ants to acquire their energy. Turks eat bird tongues in order to speak well.

However, in some places just *wearing* your "prescription" is medicine enough. Natives of Bechuana-land, for example, wear ox hair and frog skin so they will be as hard to hold as an ox and as slippery to catch as a frog.

Of course, some primitive people believe there can be no better medicine than that made with part of a human body.

When the male members of certain African tribes reach manhood, for example, they are fed a paste which is supposed to make them brave. This medicine contains human liver, heart, ears and skin. Head-hunters in the Celebes Islands consume their victims' brains so they will become more courageous.

The advance of the white man and his laws has cut deeply into the supply of these human medicinal ingredients. As a matter of fact, civilization has so upset the medicine men of Africa's Basutoland that they've begun killing fellow tribesmen to replenish their professional stock-in-trade. Nothing personal in the murders, mind you, but it's a man-eat-man society and a "druggist" has got to make a living.



THAT DEPLETION ALLOWANCE

A CAR pulls into a service station. Into its tank go ten gallons of perhaps the most important fuel on earth. When the driver pays up, he spends only 31 per cent more than his grandpappy may have back in the 1920's. If it weren't for taxes, he'd only shell out eight per cent more. (At the grocer, he would have coughed up 72 per cent more for food, in general.) Yet, as he drives away from the station, what does he mutter? "Gettin' rich! That's what they're doin'. All them oil men. Gettin' rich. All because of that depletion allowance, too."

Another man picks up his news magazine. It hardly matters which one. Then he growls to his wife: "Here's another story about those Texas oil millionaires. Humph! Anybody could get rich with all the tax loopholes those guys got. Just take that depletion allowance . . ."

Well, both men are dead wrong.

In the past year, probably as many Americans have talked about "that depletion allowance" as have talked about Senator McCarthy, the Dodgers or possibly even Marilyn Monroe. Legislators such as Wayne Morse and Paul Douglas have done more than talk. They have tried to kill it or at least cripple it.

In all the talk and activity, however, there is a harshly discordant note. Most of the people doing the

By Karl Kensman

casual talking don't really know what they are talking about. And the legislators doing the serious acting, even though they know, have other sorts of special points to make. The most important point, as a matter of fact, seems to be a shadow of the general confusion. It always is smart politics to attack a "special privilege." The depletion allowance has — without any accuracy whatsoever — been intensively described as a sort of special privilege. Ergo: attack it.

Moreover, the depletion allowance has come to signify — again without accuracy — the oil industry. The oil industry, in turn, has come to signify great wealth. And often there are the papier-mâché laurel wreaths of an ersatz "crusader" awaiting an attacker of "great wealth."

Every item of this opportunistic equation is based on falsehoods.



FIRST falsehood is the notion that oil is some sort of devious cornucopia from which flow fabulous profits for the benefit of a chosen few.

True enough, oil is a good business, and a big one. Treasury Department figures, however, show that as many as a third of oil and gas producing companies have shown losses during recent years. And, for the entire oil industry, over the past ten years, the average percentage of profits just go along with such other

businesses as automobiles and cotton. Dividends paid by oil companies, however, are about 10 per cent *lower* than those of manufacturing corporations generally, the Department of Commerce has reported.

On the other hand, about 1,700,000 people are getting wages from the oil industry — an industry comprised of some 42,000 individual companies (not counting the 200,000-odd service stations). Are they good wages? The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports average wages at refineries, for example, to be among the highest paid in industry. Compared to the \$1.77 received by manufacturing employees in general, refinery workers average \$2.31 per hour. On top of that, a survey of "fringe benefit" payments made by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce reflects that a sample group of oil companies paid in 1953 more than 24 cents in fringe benefits for every payroll dollar. That figure places oil second only among 20 major industries.

So much for the "chosen few" aspect of oil, and back to the "special privilege" of depletion.

The depletion allowance is not a special privilege in any sense of the phrase. It is a system of taxation in general use throughout all industry. It is available to individuals! You probably use it, in effect, when you do your March mathematics.

The common, and misleading, reference to the depletion allowance im-

plies that it is a deduction of $27\frac{1}{2}\%$ of income. In truth it is $27\frac{1}{2}\%$ of *gross* income from the oil property but limited to an amount equal to 50% of the *net* income from the property. Because of this limitation, it works out considerably below the bandied-about figure of $27\frac{1}{2}\%$. Moreover, it applies only and absolutely to the production of oil and gas and to no other phase of the industry whatsoever. It applies to each individual producing property or lease and not the entirety of a man's holdings. It can't be juggled back and forth between a poor producer and a good one.

And what does this deduction recognize? A very harsh fact of mineral life: that irreplaceable raw material is being taken from each oil well, that new wells always are needed in this mechanized world of ours, and that oilmen have found and will continue to find these wells.

A landlord takes advantage of a depletion when he notes that his house is worth less this year than last. The house has depleted in value. The proper word, of course, is "depreciated" in the case of houses — but it's only a matter of terminology.

An oil well depreciates or depletes even more dramatically. Every gallon of crude oil or gas that comes up through the well-head brings the production of that particular well closer to a flat and final end.

In 1952, according to the government-sponsored Interstate Oil Compact Commission, 13,973 hitherto

productive oil wells were abandoned. They had depleted all the way; dried up. That figure, by the way, equals a bit more than half of all the oil wells sunk last year.



OF THE 979,637 producing wells that have been drilled, dug or pounded into American soil since the petroleum age began more than 90 years ago, almost half have been abandoned. They, too, have depleted all the way. No allowances ever will bring them back.

For the wells that are left to produce and "take advantage" of the depletion allowance, there also are some sparse statistics. Some 332,000 or 68 per cent of our oil wells are known as "stripper wells." This means that they produce so little oil that further development of wells in their area is altogether unwarranted. In terms of actual crude oil this means that, across the nation, these wells average about three dozen barrels each day. At that rate their marketable output would be bringing in, at best, little more than \$8.

Without the relief afforded by the depletion allowance, these already heavily depleted wells almost undoubtedly would be closed down, robbing America of a vast, even if slowly bubbling, store of fuel.

Worse than that, oil operators would be robbed of the capital needed to drill other wells that will produce the great flow of petroleum

this nation needs to make its wheels go round.

Arguments always will be made, however, that men would continue drilling for oil, regardless of whether or not they could claim a depletion allowance. Perhaps some would. Many, certainly, would want to. But could they? Some harsh facts of oil-field finance indicate a sternly negative answer.

Treasury spokesmen have said that they would like to shrink the depletion allowance by \$300,000,000. A survey of companies producing crude oil in the United States shows that that amount is matched more than three times over by money spent to explore for new oil. Without depletion money for this exploration, small operators would perish like flies in winter. Big companies would be tempted, probably, to push their pipes into easy foreign fields and hesitate to pioneer expensive — but vital — fields here at home. Certainly, the millions spent to pump the last drops from dwindling fields would be impossible. In short the very act of looking for oil would consume the lion's share of all the profits possible from selling oil. Prices would zoom; production would plummet.

No matter what your business, this would have an immediate effect. Petroleum provides nearly 64% of the energy used in America. It has been called the key to our living standard and to the vast consumer market it has created and upon

which it is based. Every consumer or producer can answer, in his own way, how he would be affected if, through curtailment of the depletion allowance, low-priced, abundant petroleum supplies tightened up. Markets would decline; costs would rise; and the living standard would drop.

Some oil men, hearing attacks on the depletion allowance and knowing of its effect, ask one simple question: "Isn't the future worth 27½ cents?" For, without continuing oil searches and the national security it engenders, this country's future and not just oil industry profits, would be in serious jeopardy.



MORE specifically on the "special privilege" angle, there are these over-riding facts to be remembered when the name-calling begins in regard to "that depletion allowance":

1. Every extractive industry in this country (iron, coal, sulphur, copper, sand, gravel, etc.) has a depletion allowance. For every ton of ore sold they deduct a percentage that is tax free, just as oil producers take off a percentage for every barrel of crude.

That is a very important point. All of these depletion allowances apply only to raw materials taken from the ground. Your filling station operator does not get a depletion allowance on the gasoline he sells. The refiner does not get an allowance for

the crude he runs through his stills. The only place where the depletion allowance is applicable is right at the mine or well-head.

2. For other parts of industry, all industry, there is depletion of another sort. One form is the familiar capital gains provision of the tax laws. It applies, as does the depletion allowance, when money is made from some capital "raw material."

Again, this can apply to individuals, as when a general takes a low, capital gains tax on the sale of such raw materials as a book of his experiences in war. In the shipping business there is a form of depletion which gives incentive for replacement of worn craft by permitting the setting aside of some earnings in a capital fund which eventually must go for constructing new ships. Mining operators who provide defense materials have been permitted to set aside part of their income taxes to be used for new equipment.

Our income tax laws contain many other "special provisions." Every individual or corporation — in fact, every taxpayer — receives some benefit from one or more of these "special provisions." Certain of these provisions, which have been selected as good political targets, have been termed "loopholes"; yet these very "loophole" provisions are similar to other provisions which are ignored entirely by the critics.

"Special provisions" are applicable to banks, to insurance companies, to regulated investment com-

panies, to utilities, to mines — and to oil and gas operators. Other "special provisions" are applicable in times of national emergencies — when income is often larger due to accelerated production. "Special provisions" exempt charitable and religious organizations from tax; "special provisions" are applicable to cooperatives. Labor unions are exempt from taxation of certain income because of "special provisions."

Further, certain "special provisions" apply to individuals. Every individual is allowed an exemption of \$600 by "special provision"; individuals over 65 or blind are allowed an additional exemption of \$600 by "special provision." A "special provision" also allows taxpayers a deduction for charitable contributions.

These "special provisions" are only a few — the Internal Revenue Code contains many more. Congress has enacted and approved these "special provisions" to provide for the many varying conditions found in the free enterprise of the American way of life. They certainly are not "loopholes."

Several years ago, during a concerted attempt to knock down the depletion allowance as it applied to oilmen, a Treasury Department calculation was produced which alleged to show that "some taxpayers are not paying their fair share of the taxes . . ." That meant oilmen, of course. The table cited ten individuals who were taking advantage of the allowance. An accountant was

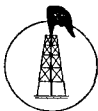
called in to go over this for the benefit of members of the House Ways and Means Committee. Here is what he had to say:

"An examination shows . . . that nine of the ten individuals cited spent close to 27 million dollars in intangible drilling and development costs. In addition to this large expenditure, these nine individuals probably spent about 13 or 14 million for necessary tangible equipment. Therefore, these nine individuals probably spent approximately 40 million dollars for development of oil properties, both tangible and intangible, while being allowed a deduction of percentage depletion . . . of 18.2 million. In other words, the total expenditures for development were probably more than twice the depletion allowance."

In campaigns designed to bring the depletion allowance down — so far as oil is concerned, that is — the figure of 15 per cent often is used as one at which the allowance should be pegged rather than at 27½ cents. Actually that 27½ cents is a theoretical rather than an actual figure. The oil producers can deduct that much from each dollar of production income *only* if the deducted amount does not exceed half of their net income. While this works out fine for some wells, it is nowhere near the mark for wells which are restricted in output. In the case of the essential stripper wells which have to have giant horse-headed pumps sucking up the last, dwindling drops

from the reservoirs they tap, the income is so low that only as little as 10 per cent actually may be deducted for depletion. And, even on a national basis, the actual amount deducted for depletion is well below 27½ cents.

When it comes to other taxes paid by the oil industry, the collectors might well sing another tune. For, with only three per cent of the national income, the oil industry pays a whopping *seven* per cent of all taxes.



THE depletion allowance part of the oil industry's tax bill, actually a small amount when you consider it applies only to the production from the ground itself, was not arrived at whimsically. As far back as 1918 there was Congressional recognition of the fact that the search for oil and the production of oil involved great financial risks and was shadowed by the inevitable using up of the raw material, thus involving more financial risk to locate new supplies — and so on and on in a vicious extractive circle.

Over-all, at the present time, percentage depletion is less than the average cost of finding and development of replacement reserves, and less than the cost of buying proven but undeveloped reserves.

More than one third of all wells drilled — including development wells in proven fields — are dry holes. But, in the case of wells drilled

in the search for new fields, eight out of nine fail to find any oil or gas whatsoever, and only one out of 44 finds enough oil to supply the demands of the United States for as much as four hours. A major field, the real pay-off, is a 1 in 991 chance. These tremendous odds would discourage people from risking their capital in exploration and drilling if there were not some recognition that the capital value created by discovery should not be taxed as income. The odds obviously are long but what do you risk?

In 1953, the average "wildcat," including overhead, cost \$149,600, and 82 out of 100 were dry. All exploratory wells pre-war averaged \$43,500. Now the average cost is \$108,000. The average depth of all wells pre-war was 3,000 feet, for "wildcats," 3,300 feet. Now the depths are 4,060 and 4,725 feet respectively. Pre-war the average cost of a completed well was \$4.13 per foot. Now it's \$15.26. But this is not the whole story. A 3,000-foot well may cost from \$7 to \$8 per foot. A 12,000-foot well costs \$25 to \$30 per foot. And wells are getting deeper all the time.

To avoid taxation of capital value (and thereby to encourage further exploration and development) is the original and continuing function of the percentage depletion allowance at the existing rate. For the tax cof-fers, this is an important equation,

producing far more tax dollars than if the industry were forced to stop exploration.

Even then, when oil exploration was a fairly simple matter and not the technically complex and tremendous job it is today, it was agreed that about 33 cents of every oil dollar was lost in finding and producing oil. The limited life of wells was another factor scientifically recognized. For the next few years there was argument as to just how much should be allowed for this depletion. In 1926, the 27½ cents figure was arrived at and the appropriate laws passed.

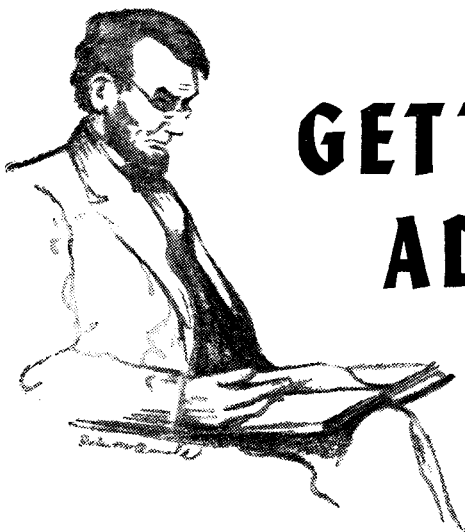


WHAT has happened since then is a part of everyday experience.

When you buy gas you pay just pennies more than back in 1926 when the depletion law was passed. But the men who have to go out and find and drill for the crude oil from which that fuel comes must spend *four hundred per cent* as much.

What has happened for the nation as a whole is even more dramatic. Our oil industry, last year, produced two-and-a-third billion barrels of crude oil — just about equal to the production of the rest of the world combined. In a world of wheels and wings this is the real balance of power between nations.

As the oilmen say, isn't that worth 27½ cents?



GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—Abraham Lincoln

THE BUSINESS-PILOT HAS

A Future

..... BY TOM Q. AND MIKE SMITH

AMERICAN business owns and flies almost 20 times as many airplanes as the airlines! In 1953, the business airfleet numbered upward of 21,000 planes while less than 1,100 were flown by the airlines. Business airplanes, ranging from 2-passenger Piper Cubs to 88-passenger Constellations and costing from \$2,500 to \$1,000,000, provided more seats than the airlines.

Consider these facts about high-flying business for a moment and you will begin to glimpse a new and lucrative career for youth — that of the business-pilot.

You also will see why America's oldest major civil aviation school, the Embry-Riddle International School of Aviation, in Miami, has come up with the newest idea in aeronautical education — the training of the business-pilot.

In conjunction with the University of Miami, Embry-Riddle last year launched the first college-level course designed to train the expert pilot who can double as a competent business executive and vice versa.

The two-way, two-year course is not an over-night innovation. It

stems from an idea kicking around in the mind of a non-flyer for the past five years.

A former advertising man who today is Dean of Admissions at Embry-Riddle drew the nucleus of the idea from an "aviation administration" course offered by the University of Miami. This four-year course was designed to fit pilots for airport management and similar work. But L. D. Carlton figured that the business-pilot should be able to fit into non-aviation business on the executive level.

Carlton talked his idea over with Mrs. Isabel McKay, president of Embry-Riddle. He discussed it with University of Miami officials, with business pilots, and finally with business. The result is a streamlined two-year course crammed with essentials. The business-pilot who completes this course will have the educational background to fit him, or her, into business as a junior executive. He or she can be a salesman, purchasing agent, a demonstrator, personnel expert, public relations man, or fit smoothly into any one of a dozen other positions.

The business-pilot course carries

the student through two years of intensive, expensive education.

Of course, the student first must pass a physical examination and placement tests. After enrollment, his mornings are devoted to such subjects as English, accounting, economics, government, salesmanship, marketing, public speaking, business finance, industrial and personnel management and business law, plus a general rounding-out of college subjects.

Afternoons are given over to flight instruction and to classroom study of navigation, meteorology, civil air regulations and allied subjects. The student gets ample cross-country, instrument and night-flying experience.

The flight half of the curriculum readies the student for certification as a commercial pilot with instrument and multi-engine ratings.

He or she also will be prepared to invade the business field as a pilot who can do more than fly. In other words, he should be just what business ordered, the pilot who will not be lolling idly on a plush salary during non-flying hours.

Today's successful business-pilots demonstrate the practicality of the dual role. For example, consider the day's activities of Mrs. Ronnie Tomlinson, business-pilot of Miami. When Mrs. Tomlinson steps out of the Piper Pacer she flies for the National Union Life Insurance Company onto any Florida airport, she steps out of her role as pilot. She

becomes office manager of the firm's hospitalization department.

The student who completes the new business-pilot course will not always step from school into a top job. He will probably start as a co-pilot. He will have to learn the firm's work and policies. But he will be prepared to learn.

ENROLLMENT to date in the business-pilot course has not been large, but it has an international aspect clearly showing that other nations are watching the higher-flyer-learning experiment with interest.

Indeed, students comprise a diverse group. They come from many parts of the United States and from China, Syria, Iran, Australia and Latin America. Their ages vary from 17 to 38. Many are married. What do they expect of two years of intensive work?

With more than 21,000 business planes in America alone flying off-schedule and cross-country, day and night, they can expect to find employment. Salaries will range from a low of \$350 a month to a high of \$1100 a month.

Business-pilot training opens the dead-end vista faced by the airlines pilot on a bright prospect. When the airlines pilot is grounded, he may be, psychologically, a fish out of water. But when the business-pilot is grounded, he (or she) can go right ahead in business — ceiling unlimited!

A MILLION MYSTERIOUS MOUNDS

BY RUBY EL HULT

ONCE, way back, Paul Bunyan got defense conscious and decided what the American continent needed along its Western frontier was a wall like the Great Wall of China. Since Babe the Blue Ox was tied up in Paul's logging operations, he hired a million Irishmen with wheelbarrows and built the great Cordilleran range of mountains from Alaska southward. His wheelbarrow men were just completing the job when Ol' Paul ran out of Irish potatoes. Irishmen won't work without Irish potatoes, of course, so all his workers up-ended their wheelbarrows where they stood and marched back to Ireland. The wheelbarrow loads of dirt they threw down formed more than 900,000 mounds which dot 30,000 acres of land in western Washington State.

That explanation of the origin of the strange Tenino mounds is just about as satisfactory as any which has been propounded to date.

If you drive along Highway No. 99, between Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, you pass through the mound prairies. Just south of the tiny town of Tenino you first notice the odd conformation of the countryside. The fields, which have a barren look, undulate with what seem to be regularly-spaced spherical earth-heaps. Like

closely grouped haystacks, you think. Or like a sea heaving with many breastlike ground swells. Or, if it is spring, and the bracken is growing on the tops of the mounds, you may think of green islands in a sea of dead grass.

At first you will be merely intrigued, but as the mounds continue mile after mile you will grow incredulous, and will wrack your brain, asking, "What on earth could have laid those regular piles of dirt on so many acres of ground?"

That is the question which scientists and others have been asking for more than a century, ever since white men first came upon the mounds.

Could they possibly be Indian burial mounds? That was what Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, leader of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, wondered when he saw them in 1841. Traveling overland from Puget Sound to the Columbia River he became curious and ordered his men to open three of the mounds. They expected to find Indian bones and artifacts, but all the spade revealed was silt, gravel and a few boulders. Since that time scores of the mounds have been sliced through by farmers with ploughs, by scientists and tourists with shovels, and by road-building crews with bulldozers. Nothing

of Indian origin has been turned up.

IN THE 1850's the naturalists Gibbs and Cooper examined the mounds. Gibbs thought that giant roots had held the silt and gravel in place while the soil between the roots had been washed away. But no evidence of any such roots has been found. Cooper felt the mounds might have been formed by eddy and whirlpool action at a time when the prairies were submerged.

In 1906, M. R. Campbell published a paper on natural mounds in the *Journal of Geology*. Having disproved to his own satisfaction every theory advanced up to that time, he said that the mounds might actually be ant-hills. But he offered no evidence to support the idea.

If that seems far-fetched, it is no more so than the pocket gopher theory advanced, in 1942, by Victor B. Scheffer of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and Walter W. Dalquest, a geology student of the University of Washington. According to these men, the little burrowing, earth-packing rodents built the mounds during long generations of activity in prehistoric times.

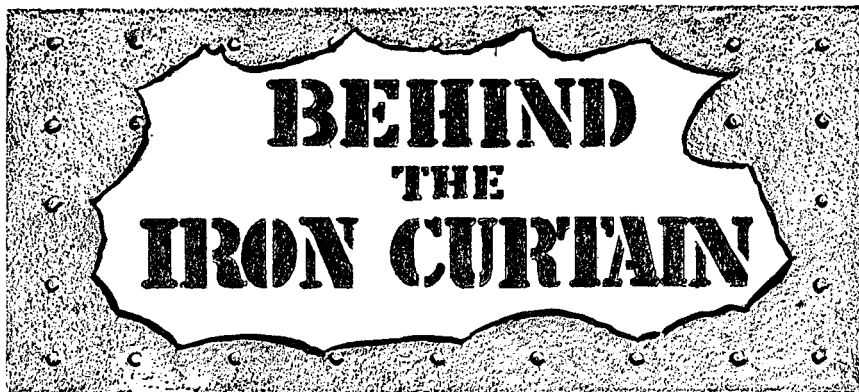
The trouble with all these theories involving animate creatures is that they fail to explain the uniformity of the mounds in size and shape. While they do vary from 1 to 7 feet in height and from 10 to 70 feet in diameter, they tend to be all of a size and shape on any one prairie.

What measuring device would such creatures use to fashion mounds which give such an uncanny look of regularity?

Because of this difficulty with the animal theory, the ideas of the geologists have been given more credence. J. Harlan Bretz, in his *Glaciation of the Puget Sound Region*, published in 1913, concluded that the mounds resulted from ice and silt action during the last great ice sheet, the Vashon Glacier. Ice surfaces became pock-marked, silt filled the pocked depressions, and when the ice melted the silt was deposited as mounds.

During the past decade, geologists have been making renewed efforts to solve the riddle, and some claim that mounds-in-the-making can be observed in Alaska in places where ice blocks are melting. The case for a permafrost, or frozen ground origin of the Tenino mounds during the Vashon Glacier has been advanced by both R. C. Newcomb of the U.S. Geological Survey and Arthur M. Ritchie of the Washington State Department of Highways. Newcomb believes them to be buckled segments of frozen ground, while Ritchie argues that the area between blocks of frozen ground was carried away by water, leaving the cores of blocks as mounds.

But not even the geologists agree, and they attack each other's supporting conclusions. So the Paul Bunyan story proves a handy explanation after all.



Debate on the Rim of Hell: Germany—to West or East?

By ALAN SET

Most Western observers believe that ten years of Soviet rule in Eastern Germany have turned out to be a complete failure. Politically and economically, the now "sovereign" state called German Democratic Republic remains, to the Western eye, approximately the same soulless, war-ridden wreck it was in 1945, after the advancing Red Army had pounded everything to bits, while in its rear Soviet engineers had dismantled and shipped to Russia every piece of machinery overlooked by the "liberators."

"It suffices to walk a couple of

blocks from the splendors of West Berlin to the shabbiness of East Berlin to learn in a few minutes what the Cold War is being fought for," a psychological warfare specialist, just back from a ten-day junket told me the other day.

"But are we winning this war?" I ventured to ask him.

"Well, that is a different story," was his rather cryptic answer.

An Anti-Communist Disillusioned With the West

Quite recently I had another very frank and therefore most disturbing

conversation on Germany with a militant anti-Communist, this time with a German from a once wealthy family of cloth manufacturers in Saxony, whom I happened to know before the war. For years he had been working at all sorts of jobs in Karl-Marx-Stadt [Chemnitz before the Communists changed its name], until last summer when he joined his brother in Munich, with whom he is at present in profitable business partnership.

After having told me everything about the prevailing apathy of the East German population and having denounced the flagrant inefficiency of the Ulbricht-Grotewohl clique, with its overgrown bureaucracy and Communist favoritism, he spoke about present East Germany's thinking. And what he had to say on this subject was significant enough to make me wonder whether the ten years of Soviet rule really were such a complete failure as most Western reports assert.

This is the main part of his story.

"Yes, life in East Germany is pretty hard indeed, and you would surely find it unbearable. True, you haven't been in that part of the world either after the war or during the war. What you should keep in mind, however, is that even before the war the standard of living in Germany's East was remarkably lower than in our West. Peasants in poor patched clothes, bare-foot children, customers queueing patiently at the door of the village store, all this you could have found in our

East in the early 'twenties and in the late 'thirties as well. The only difference is that the rags are today shabbier, the queues are longer, the village store is emptier, and there are no outward signs, as there were before, that some of the people are immensely more well-to-do and more powerful than the rest. The rumpled, faded blue uniform of a "people's policeman" has nothing of the dreadful elegance of the Gestapo finery, but the two men are not only alike — they are almost the same. One often forgets that East Germany has lived under totalitarian rule for more than twenty years now.

"While life in East Germany is still miserable when compared to the West, it would be denying the truth to maintain that people are not today somewhat better off than they were one year ago. There is now at least enough food for everyone, and if an H.O. State Store runs out of rolls, it offers you cake; if there are no potatoes, one can replace them with cabbage. There is plenty of cheap beer and occasionally some meat and butter. Clothing is better, and if the official figures are true we should produce this year a number of shoes corresponding to one pair for each inhabitant of the country.

"There are even some luxuries — for those who can afford them — such as Russian caviar, Rhine wines, reflex cameras and Tiroler hats. One year ago things seemed to be worse, though they were better than the year before, and the people do recognize this. The Soviet technique of taking away everything and then playing Santa Claus by

giving it back bit by bit proved not so bad at all.

"It is, however, in the field of moulding the thoughts and feelings not of the broad masses but of the ruling elite that the Soviet technique proved to be eminently successful. The workers and the peasants who, after all, do not count in a police state have to feel contented enough and be sufficiently terrorized to avoid any repetition of the June, 1953, riots, which only confirmed how dangerous it is to rely on any aid from the West.

"But apart from the Moscow-sold Communists, there is today in East Germany's upper classes an ever increasing number of honest but utterly disillusioned people, who sincerely believe that the vacillating and short-sighted West is doomed by the Soviet monolith, that it has nothing to offer to Germany but a disastrous war, a losing war to be fought for American interests with German divisions and on German soil. All the rest — peace, unification, markets for German goods, very slowly but steadily rising standards of living, together with some form of independence and the possibility of influencing Moscow's policy itself — all this, they say, is offered to Germany only by Soviet Russia. To accept this offer gives Germany at least a chance of survival; to reject it means suicide."

I am reporting the above opinions because there is good reason to believe that they do strictly correspond to what an ever increasing number of Germans behind the Iron

Curtain — Germans who are genuinely anti-Communist, but who also have lost their faith in the West — are more and more thinking.

West Germany Looks to the East

This would be bad enough, but what is worse is that across the Iron Curtain, the doubts of the East Germans begin to infect the opinions of those of the West.

Pastor Martin Niemoeller certainly was not driven by pro-Communist sympathies when, three years ago, he began his pilgrimages to Moscow. Nor was Herr Ollenhauer pro-Communist when with his Socialists he stubbornly opposed any ties with the West before all possibilities of a German settlement with Russia had been thoroughly explored. But there are others, too.

Dr. Karl Pfeleiderer belongs to the violently anti-Communist Free Democratic Party, and Dr. Thomas Dehler is the Party's national chairman, yet both of them fought for months for the establishment of diplomatic relations between the German Federal Republic and the U.S.S.R. Among the personalities who supported this demand was Prince Otto von Bismarck, the grandson of the Chancellor and a prominent member of Dr. Adenauer's Christian Democrats. Former Chancellor Heinrich Bruening, after having spent twelve years in exile in the United States, has warned the Germans of the dangers of becoming too dependent on

America and, together with Hitler's former Ambassador Herbert von Dirksen, he advocated cooperation with Russia as the only sensible path to be followed by Germany.

It was not in the pro-Communist press but in the eminently conservative and eminently respectable pro-Adenauer weekly *Christ und Welt* that we have read that, "Germany must . . . first create a strong Western Europe in whose name the following offer to the Kremlin could be made: Continental Europe would break away from the Atlantic Pact if the Soviets agree to withdraw their forces behind the Pripet Marshes . . ."

And what would happen if the Russians should one day agree to the symbolic gesture of withdrawing their divisions a few hundred miles to the East at the price of Germany's breaking all her ties with the U.S. and the West?

The answer is simple: the U.S.S.R. would become master of the world.

AT THE TIME of this writing, it was not yet sure whether the Paris Agreements would be ratified, and certainly it will remain dubious for some time to come whether the strength of the West will ever be increased by these twelve German divisions we seem not able to dispense with. But is it really of such paramount importance in the hydrogen age whether some time in 1957 or 1958 the West will have at its disposal 500,000 more men under arms? Cannot the East easily

match this force with any number of men recruited out of the unfathomable pool of the Russo-Chinese Empire's billion inhabitants? Will the twelve German divisions stop Russia's progress in the field of H-bombs and guided missiles?

No, the question is not there. The really decisive question, on which may depend our survival, is whether Germany, armed or disarmed, with its very great economic power will be allowed, in the next two or three years, to drift away to the enemy camp, or whether we will find means to keep her at our side.

Just a few figures taken at random will sufficiently illustrate what this power really represents. Less than ten years after the most disastrous war, the West German gross national production reached in 1954 over 33 billion dollars. The production of steel was more than 16 million tons. Over 1,000,000 new housing units have been built in the last 24 months. If German production and German skill find the door open to the East, a new epoch in the world's history might begin, fraught with mortal danger for the Germans, of course, because in the long run Russia would not tolerate an independent and potentially dangerous power at her frontiers, but also mortally dangerous for the whole West. Dealing with an empire encompassing Russia, China and Germany, the only sensible policy for the rest of the world would be peaceful surrender.

OF ALL the Soviet satellites, East Germany is the one which has perhaps the greatest political freedom, but also is the most neglected one. Up to the time of the June, 1953, uprisings, beside the Socialist Unity Party [Communist], some so-called "bourgeois" political factions were allowed to vegetate. It is common knowledge that even to this day they continue to exist in the underground, a thing which would not be tolerated in Poland, Czechoslovakia or in any other Soviet European colony.

The East German workers can take the risk, if they dare, of discussing labor regulations and even expressing their wishes, which may bring their leaders a sentence of a few months in jail, but which elsewhere in the Soviet sphere is altogether unthinkable. About 90 per cent of the land still remains in private ownership, as does a quarter of the country's industry.

For this slight departure from the common Communist pattern, East Germany has to pay with even greater hardships than those imposed on the other "peace loving" Republics. Up to the end of last year, meats, fats, milk, sugar and coal continued to be rationed and there is much doubt whether the end of the rationing system, promised for this year, will take effect. Though the collection of reparations, disastrous for the country's economy, officially ended one year

ago, Soviet Russia continues to milk the East Zone by all conceivable means.

Now, next door to this land of misery and terror flourishes—thanks to Western liberal policy and Western generosity—another Germany—a free one—with plenty of food, plenty of clothing and a market so saturated with goods that the only problem is to find foreign outlets for her production!

Then why do the East Germans keep warning their free, rich and happy brothers of the dangers of cooperating with the West, to whom the Federal Republic owes everything it has?

How can we explain that those warnings are not only being listened to, but are being given considerable thought; that the idea of a neutral Germany is slowly taking shape?

The explanation is simple. Economic well-being and political freedom are not enough to keep peoples in our camp if they have no faith that this will last. After ten years of Western vacillation, continuous Western surrenders to the East, and the lack of a clear-cut Western world policy, dynamically opposed to Communist imperialism—this faith is shaken.

"He is a fool who in the atomic age chooses the losing side for a meal and a coat," was the closing remark of my German friend from Karl-Marx-Stadt and, frankly speaking, I found not much to answer.

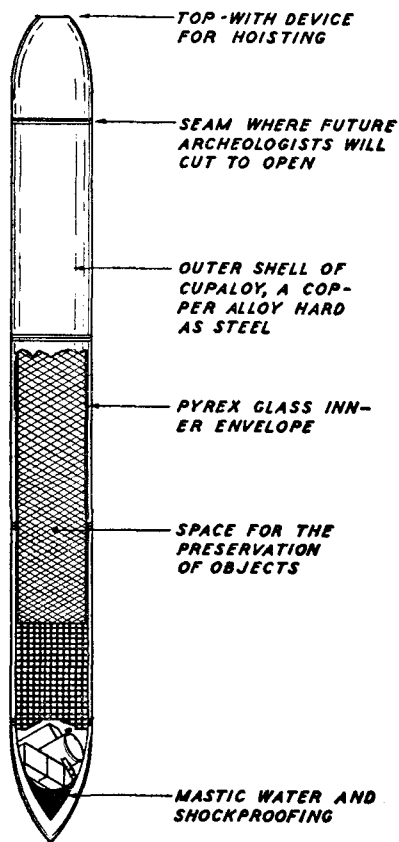
Our Legacy for 6939 A.D.

By
R. R. TAGGS

AT THE New York World's Fair, in 1939, humanity's first Time Capsule had begun its long journey into the future: a descent into the 50-foot "Immortal Well" beneath the walls of the Westinghouse Building — a journey which, it is hoped, will extend through 5000 years of time and give future archeologists a considerable insight into our present civilization.

The Time Capsule represented months of careful planning, and the combined production of hundreds of persons, some still living and others deceased. Archeologists, historians, scientists, engineers, librarians, scholars and many others were consulted at every step, so that the project might become as nearly successful as all our present-day arts and sciences could make it.

Leaving a message from our time



DRAWING OF THE
TIME CAPSULE

to so distant a future presented three distinct problems: How to build a vessel capable of preserving the record; the selection and preservation of the objects to be included; and how to leave word of its whereabouts for future inheritors.

The Capsule, as finally constructed, consists of an outer shell of Cupaloy

(chosen because of its electrical properties and resistance to corrosion), cast in sections, each section accurately machined and threaded, then screwed into the next and sealed with asphalt.

The contents of the torpedo-shaped capsule were packed securely in an inner envelope of Pyrex glass, which was then sealed, evacuated, filled with nitrogen and set into the shell in waterproof mastic. The inner crypt is about 6½ inches in diameter and 7 feet long.

More than 40 articles of common use are included. Among them are a fountain pen and mechanical pencil, a watch, incandescent electric lamp, zippered tobacco pouch, pipe, cigarettes, tobacco, cosmetics, a woman's hat, eyeglasses, toothbrush, toothpowder, a miniature camera and film, a razor, can-opener, specimens of our money, and so on. There are samples of the major metals and alloys; textiles, including wool, cotton, silk, linen, rayon, glass fabrics, rubber fabrics, asbestos cloth; materials such as Portland cement, asbestos, synthetic and natural rubber, synthetic plastics; also samples of coal (which may be rare in 5000 years), seeds of staple food crops, and many other items.

MOST important is a carefully prepared micro-film "essay on our times," taken from books, almanacs, pictures, arranged in logical order to cover all the major activities of human life. Multi-lingual

texts, a dictionary, and an idiomatic lexicon that will enable future examiners to readily translate the texts of the micro-film. All film in the Capsule is cellulose acetate for permanence. The micro-film contains a total of some 23,000 ordinary book pages, reproducing more than 10,000,000 words and many hundreds of pictures. A microscope is enclosed to enable "Futurians" to read the text. Complete directions in text and pictures are given for the construction of a larger reading machine and a motion picture projector.

For use with the latter, a newsreel is enclosed, specially prepared for the people of A.D. 6939. This contains nearly a score of historic, typical or significant scenes of that day of 1939, with sound.

Word was left for future archeologists in the form of a Book of Records, printed with specially compounded permanent inks, on 100 per cent rag bookpaper. Copies were sent to libraries, museums and other repositories throughout the world with the expectation that some will survive, either in the original form, or translated into new languages that arise.

In order that future historians may know when the year 6939 has come, the equivalent of this date is given in the book not only in our calendar, but also in the Chinese, Jewish, Mohammedan and Shinto. If none of these survives, Futurians may still calculate the years elapsed by reckoning from astronomical data

supplied by the United States Naval Observatory. These include the number and dates of eclipses of the sun and moon in the year 1939, the positions of the planets, and the angle of the earth's pole relative to the star Polaris.

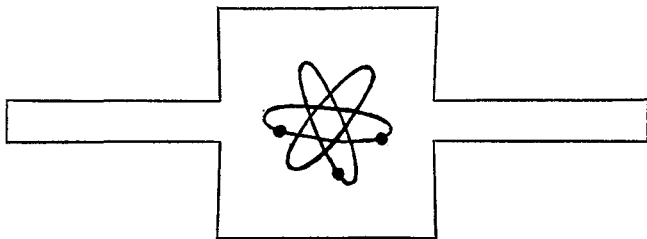
The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has provided a description of the Survey's network of stations across the country (U.S.), astronomical and geodetic locations of nearby permanent stations, and the exact latitude and longitude of the Time Capsule, determined by a special survey. Given to the third decimal point in seconds, these geodetic coordinates are sufficiently accurate to locate the spot with an error of less than an inch. They are: Latitude $40^{\circ} 44' 34.089''$ North of the Equator; Longitude $73^{\circ} 50' 43.842''$ West of Greenwich.

If other guides fail, the Futurians can still find the Capsule. Minute

directions have been prepared for constructing and using electro-magnetic instruments to locate it by the methods widely used today.

Finally, that our language may not be lost, the book contains a simple but ingenious key to the English language which will permit readers to translate our tongue and to pronounce it, 1939-1954 style, as well.

It is impossible, of course, to detail here all the studies and reasoning which led to the fabrication of the Time Capsule and selection of its contents. Whether, in the end, the project can achieve its purpose still depends on ourselves and our posterity — that the Book of Record may be preserved and the Time Capsule left undisturbed. The engineering difficulties of removing it from its resting place in 50 feet of muck and rock can probably be depended upon to protect the Capsule from vandalism.



Ancient Antigua

◆ BY MAY F. McELRAVY ◆

FOUNTAINS and flowers, ancient ruins, market-bound Indians in distinctive costumes, tranquility and crystal-clear air give Antigua, a gem-like city in the Guatemala highlands, its rich patina.

In addition, there are hand-hewn *rejas* (wooden cages on deep-set windows) to fascinate you. Half-closed brass hands or shaggy lion knockers cling to carved doors weathered by wind and rain since the days when the Knights of St. James ruled Antigua.

Crests, bearing seventeenth century dates, designate some of the peach and pale green stucco houses which loll against each other along cobblestone streets.

Even if you only have a few days in this historic city, take time to

linger before an open portal and listen to the fountain trilling songs in one of the few restored, flower-filled patios.

You'll feel the symbolism created by the constant flow of clear water from the shapely breasts of the maiden figures on the Breast Fountain in the Plaza. Viewed through its mist from the double pillared arcade of the Governor's Palace, it seems to denote the sustenance of life, come earthquakes, floods or conquests.

As you admire the plaster lace on the façade of Santa Cabrini Church across the way, you ponder its resplendent past. A barefoot Indian woman pauses at the door to cover her head with her cotton *rebosa* before she enters. Against the sun-

drenched wall other Indian women, sitting on their feet, nurse babies while they wait for tourists.

What an array of unfamiliar fruits, breads and cakes appear when they uncover their baskets!

No doubt your guide, for sanitary reasons, will stay your urge to buy by selecting five or six brightly colored whole egg shells from a basket. When he breaks one on the black hair of the Wisconsin girl in your party, confetti showers out like sequins. "These are cascarones," he says. "The Indians do this on fiesta days. It's the way they express happiness."

ONE is not in Antigua long before he discovers that not much rubble has been removed since that fatal two minutes in 1773 when a second earthquake destroyed 30,000 of its large buildings.

Roofless churches, piles of debris, and barren patios not only token the violence of that shock but make it seem realistic. Some colonial ruins have been reconstructed by Ladinos (Spanish and Indian), others by Americans who find living in this legend-filled community not only easy but inexpensive and inspiring.

If you want to paint ruins while you are in Antigua, you can find your composition among forty fallen churches, convents and monasteries. But if it's a volcano you wish to put on canvas, you should climb the worn stone steps at the rear of the once magnificent San Francisco

Cathedral and let a crumbling arch frame wrinkled Antigua for you.

As you make your way back to these steps you'll find that a blue sky has replaced its famous inlaid, tortoise-shell dome. Where once gleamed the golden altars, long since carried on the backs of Indians to Guatemala City, empty recesses gather dust.

In chapel niches, headless, armless statues lean against torn walls. High overhead where time has loosened a keystone, a bird feeds its young while begrimed Ladino urchins emerge through an opening in the floor. "Penny, penny," they plead, showing that too generous Americans have passed here before.

One look down the dark hole discloses stone steps. The sound of children's voices lets you know that this once holy ground has become a gamin's playground.

If the wonders of destruction tire you, there are Maya arts and crafts, tied up with the origin of man on the Western Hemisphere to interest you. Thursday and Sunday are market days in Antigua, conducted by Indians who hold fast to the ways of their ancestors. In this market you will find the superior clay fruit and terra cotta figures used throughout the Republic in Christmas Nacimientos.

There are shops here filled with dye-fast, story-telling, handmade clothing for both men and women which you'll want to buy to take home.

And, one can spend hours watching the candlemaker turn his wooden wheel round and round above a vat of melted tallow so that wicks, hanging vertically on nails which are spaced around the wheel, can pick up tallow on each revolution.

Such things as tablecloths and yardage you should buy from the foot-loom weavers.

An open shed in a dirt courtyard, protected from the weather by a tile roof, is their factory. At the rear of the yard a man dips hanks of white cotton thread into pots of aniline dyes. When he gets true colors, he wrings out the excess dye and hangs the bunches on a line to dry. Close by, a small boy sits and winds finished thread by hand on spools for the loom.

Time seems to be the gift of the foot-loom weavers as, with skilled fingers, they set up a loom or lift the strands of the warp and thread in the woof.

Back and forth a shuttle moves rhythmically while below a pair of feet dance across wooden treadles. And, as the visitor watches, zigzag lines of mountains, waves of lakes, squat figures of domestic animals, families of Indians like the ones often seen trekking along dusty highland roads, parade across the cloth.

FOUR MILES beyond Antigua, at the end of a drive through lanes of coffee trees you come to the village of San Antonia Caliente where there is a stick loom in every house.

These hand weavers excel all others in the Republic. They welcome you with smiles and if you wish to take pictures they trot out to a *petate* — mat made of rushes — fold their legs under them as they sit down and take up a loom. One end is fastened to a tree. The other is hooked to a wide belt of woven rope or leather fastened around the waist.

Often a sleeping infant is tied in a carrying cloth on the weaver's back as she works. Stick weavers using silk thread make the colorful *huipiles* one sees. With motions as rapid as a hummingbird in motion, her fingers guide a thorn stick and woof thread in and out of the warp. Forward then back, she rocks her body to get the right tension, then beats firmness into the design with a flat stick, pointed at both ends and worn to polished smoothness. When the *huipile* is finished, it will be covered with flowers, birds and sunsets that look like fine embroidery.

Since all the streets have both names and pictorial design, it is easy to go about Antigua while your guide takes his daily siesta, instead of writing postal cards as he suggests you do.

You'll want to visit the reconstructed Poponoe house to which you'll be admitted by Maria, maid of long service. She'll let you in through a small door which is part of the wide carriage gate that is flush with the street. Your guide finds you there and takes you to Sebastian's, the potter.

There, the first person you see is a misshapen, barefoot pigmy Indian man sweeping a bougainvillia-draped dirt courtyard. Down goes his broom. He trots into an open shed and seizes a clumsy wooden bar attached to a huge vat filled with lumps of clay and water. Round and round he turns the heavy vat to show the tourists how slip is made.

"Gracias," he murmurs gratefully when you press some coins into his calloused hand and move on to watch Sebastian, who works under a crude shelter near his wood-burning kiln.

"Why do you spend your time turning out little bowls?" you have your guide ask him in Spanish, amazed that skill like his should be wasted on such trifles.

He shrugs his shoulder and replies: "I must make what sells in the market."

SUNDAY is a day to remember in Antigua.

It begins early with the clanging offertory of many church bells. You get up and stand at your window. Black-clad women, dark shawls drawn closely over their heads, move silently along the street on their way to mass.

"What a discordant clatter all those bells must make when the earth trembles here!" you think as

you dress and go out in the garden.

Behind its poinsettia-flanked walls, you forget you are in an ancient city veined with lava flows. You watch fingers of sunlight reach down and touch orchids growing on the boles of royal palms.

Tomas, a house boy, comes out and puts a gaudy macaw on his perch near a shower of bougainvillia. Another boy gathers geranium blossoms to decorate papaya melon for breakfast. And around a bower of Cup of Gold, the Coban Indian waitresses glide into view. What a picture they make in their white butterfly blouses belted into their ankle-length skirts with a wide, handwoven band. Two thick black braids of hair, intertwined with wide ribbons that end with their braids in huge butterfly bows, hang to their waists. Silver wedding chains gleam at their throats.

These lovely Coban girls, in bare feet, tapped the mahogany floor in the lounge last night to alluring marimba music played by Maderos di mi Tierra (Woods of the Land) players in the Mating Dance.

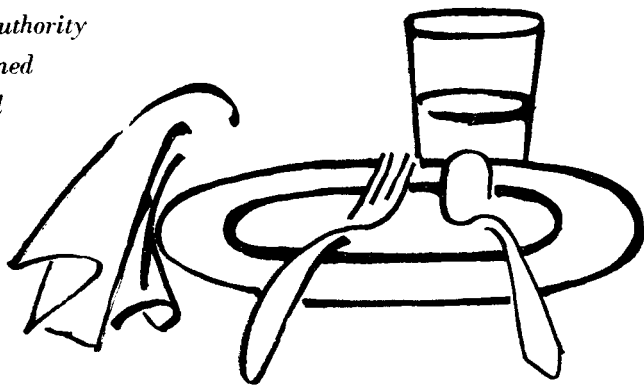
No wonder Antigua remains in the memory of the tourist as a gem whose facets are round-topped, lavender Jacaranda trees, flowers and perfume, friendly Indians and Ladinos, timeless notations and majestic volcanoes.



I Don't Like The **MODERN KITCHEN**

*A famous food authority
claims old-fashioned
kitchens produced
better cooks*

By
**HARRY
BOTSFORD**



THE modern kitchen has all of the charm of a well-kept funeral home. Every time I am trapped in one of these cute adjuncts to modern living, I become acutely aware of why the average American housewife produces such abominable food in a trifle less than a jiffy.

Antiseptic as a hospital operating room, the modern kitchen has about the same appeal to a downright cook who takes an honest pride in preparing victuals. The corners are rounded; the floor is tile; the walls are impervious to moisture; the lady of the house can stand in the middle of the compact premises, stretch forth an arm and reach everything she needs for what she considers a good meal.

The genius of American engineers

and manufacturers has been devoted to making life easy for the housewife, and nowhere is it more visible than here, for the premises are filled with dinguses designed to save time for the pampered soul, and to save her steps and the expenditure of a fraction of an ounce of energy. Muscular effort is something to be avoided at all costs. The kitchen has become a place where time is saved, not where good food is cooked.

Behold the pressure cooker, a gimmick in which it is possible to cook a lamb stew or a chicken in a matter of a few minutes. Cunningly conceived, it has probably ruined more food than Army cooks in a couple of wars. True, the steam pressure turns out food that is unquestionably tender. But the flavor

is curiously distorted, and usually marked by a metallic flavor that I find unpalatable. The warning whistle of the pressure cooker is heard throughout the land, as lovely a sound as the piping of a thousand starlings at mating time.

Why the pressure cooker? Remember, it does it in a jiffy, and time is of the essence to the allegedly busy housewife. It is the best friend and constant ally of the lazy and indifferent cook who takes no joy in watching food cook and attain maturity in an old-fashioned Dutch oven or an iron or aluminum pot. Cooks who taste and change seasonings are the good cooks, the ones that create superlative cookery in our best restaurants.

Mention a pressure cooker to a good chef—and dodge. He will have none of them. I visit upward of a thousand restaurants in the course of a year, and I have yet to find a really good chef who tolerates a pressure cooker.

ADMITTEDLY, the can opener is a necessity in any well-ordered home. Our food processors have done a magnificent job in the canning of most types of food. There's no obliquity to the reasonable use of a can opener.

The automatic stove has undoubtedly advanced the cause of civilization. Its use, with the controls set to turn on and off at indicated hours, has probably been responsible for better bidding and playing at count-

less bridge tables; it has enabled women to play a few extra holes of what they laughingly call golf; it has enabled them to lounge comfortably in cocktail bars, savoring the final three Martinis that mark the end of a busy social day. It has produced food of a sort, if food can be cooked without testing and tasting. But is that important when the lady needs a 3-hour nap? Apparently not, for this fad of flipping a switch or turning a gauge and pressing a button is a popular one.

The automatic mixer can whip up a cake with almost the speed of light. It can whip mashed potatoes so well they don't even taste like potatoes. And what it can do to creamed spinach is something to make the eyes pop. However, with all of its full horsepower spinning the blades, the mixer can't add a darned thing to the basic flavor unless the food is first properly cooked and shrewdly seasoned. Personally, I wouldn't own one. The only mechanical device I own and use in my kitchen is a hand-operated egg beater. Takes a little muscle, but it does a very adequate job.

And what is wrong with a big kitchen? Who minds a little tromping around while a meal is being prepared? My kitchen is large. It isn't disorderly; things are purposelessly scattered in their location, but I know where every item is.

I don't store spices and herbs in a darling shelf over the stove where they suffer a distinct loss of flavor

due to the heat. Instead, I have an adequate spice cabinet in the coolest corner of the room. I refuse to buy spices and herbs in a paper container. I use a sharp knife and a cutting board when I chop fresh herbs, such as parsley and chives and shallots. My skillets are not festooned on the wall where they gather dust and dirt — they slumber peacefully in a closet, ready for instant use.

I have never found an acceptable substitute for a Dutch oven of honest cast iron, nor a frying pan of the same material. I use a battery of French casseroles for slow cooking that retains flavor, enhances the natural flavors of meats and vegetables. I taste and test, strive for perfection, even if it takes a little time.

"I'LL BET," I can hear a million angry females say tartly, "I'll bet if that unspeakable man had to prepare meals, day after day, he'd change his tune and go in for the ready-mixes, the automatic stove and every other convenience we enjoy."

To which I have a simple, truthful reply. I *do* cook every day, usually for three other people and a Boston terrier accustomed to good food. Moreover, I put in at least eight hours sitting before a hot typewriter, and I don't feel that I am overworked.

My stove is hopelessly old-fashioned. It hasn't a single modern convenience, aside from the some-

what cranky broiler. I use an oven thermometer, never a meat thermometer.

There was a time when women really cooked. When they were careful in their marketing. There are some who still practice the homely arts, to whom a simple stew is something that can delight the palate, to whom a mixed green salad is a work of art, to whom crusty, light biscuits present no problem. Women who grab a spoon and a bowl and mix up a gingerbread that is light, spicy and a joy to eat. These women know instinctively how to go about the preparation of a meal and how to schedule the cookery so that all things are done at the same time.

There are no lumps in their mashed potatoes, no lumps in their gravy, and their potato pancakes are feathered at the edges, crisp and crusty. They have fun doing their culinary chores, are rewarded by lusty and sincere applause from their families and guests at the end of a perfect meal.

I have no quarrel with the modern woman, nor do I question what she does with the time she saves. In common with most men, I like good food.

Cookery isn't purely a matter of absolute mechanics. My mother used to say that the most precious ingredient in any dish was a little love. She was a superlative cook, and to this day I can't actively quarrel with that homely precept.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION *By Russell Maguire*

SINCE time began, men have lived — and died — to be free. We are a nation conceived in bondage and tyranny. We have fought, prayed and worked our way to glorious and unprecedented freedom.

Our people have made of our country a nation which stands as a symbol of greatness, freedom, understanding, and tolerance in a world that has tragically failed to follow the sacred teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ.

To survive, we must have leaders who know but one obligation, the preservation of the way of life ordained by our Founding Fathers.

The Bible tells us that the sins of omission are greater than our sins of commission.

Our leaders have permitted a planned conspiracy to make great progress. They have failed our nation.

Theirs is a story of vacillation and indecision, and the acceptance of false promises and broken agreements. They accept insults to our national flag and integrity. At home they permit our people to be slyly defrauded by monetizing the debt, which is theft by inflation.

We are hearing a great deal these days on coexistence.

We shall hear a great deal more.

Apparently there is no limit to the gullibility of the leaders of the so-called free world, when dealing with the strategists of the Kremlin.

The men in the Kremlin bait the hook with a word or a phrase; and many leaders in every area of our life promptly swallow it.

Today, the bait is coexistence; tomorrow it will be something else. The only enduring and unchangeable aspect of Soviet policy is bad faith. In that, the atheistic Soviet leaders have an unbroken record of consistency.

Any honest person can read Lenin's own words in which he said, "It is inconceivable that Communism and democracy can exist side by side in this world. Inevitably, one must perish."

Every aggression of Moscow and her controlled "captive nations" is preceded by an intensive propaganda campaign deliberately designed to allay suspicion and forestall any preparedness in the free world.

On the very eve of the Korean aggression, international Communism engaged in the greatest "peace" campaign of its existence.

When Moscow preaches coexistence, we know that it is a deceitful propaganda device employed to foster the illusion that international Communism has abandoned its objectives of global conquest.

All that the Kremlin ever wants in the way of peace is a breather for the purpose of consolidating present victories in order to launch new aggressions. This, and nothing else, is the meaning of coexistence.



Quotations of George Washington

“Happiness is ours, if we have a disposition to seize the occasion, and make it our own.”

“Honesty will be found, on every experiment, to be the best and only true policy. Let us then, as a nation, be just . . .”

“. . . the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained.”

“To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a government for the whole is indispensable.”

“A government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of Liberty is indispensable . . .”

“Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.”

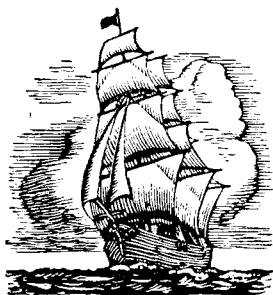
“Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all.”

“The very idea of the power and the right of the People to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.”

If the citizens of the United States “should not be completely free and happy, the fault will be entirely their own.”

“There exists in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity . . .”

“No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency . . .”



DESALTING SEA WATER

By Ross L. Holman

NOT LONG AGO a Pullman passenger, while looking out over a Western desert through which his train was speeding, remarked, "This is the most desolate, God-forsaken country I ever saw. It gives me an awful feeling to even ride over it."

"It isn't quite that bad," responded his seat companion. "All this region needs is plenty of water and good society."

"That's true," agreed the complainant, "but that's all that hell needs."

This train rider's comment is a forceful illustration of how much difference water makes in our existence. Many of us who do not even live in or near a desert are becoming increasingly aware of how right he was. During the past few years both the surface and underground water supplies of our country have been decreasing at an alarming rate. Many municipal reservoirs are drying up or getting low. Irrigated areas are going back into desert. Some of the most distressing days which most New Yorkers

would like to forget were about four years ago when even bath and shave water became scarce. In some Eastern cities hotel managements during droughts have supplied water to their guests in buckets.

Our natural fresh water supplies have been dwindling because both domestic and industrial uses are increasing at a terrific rate. For example, one modern paper mill can use enough water to supply the ordinary municipal needs of a city of 500,000.

This ominous situation causes us to look with increasing expectancy to earth's last waterhole — the briny ocean. But that's the catch. In order to tap this vast pile of moisture, scientists have for years been trying to dream up cheaper methods of separating the ocean from its brine. Sea water contains 38,000 parts per million of salt plus a few other minerals, and it has been science's job to reduce the brine down to 500 parts per million to make it as fresh and drinkable as natural fresh water.

And it has succeeded far beyond anything that many of us had dared hope. In fact, engineers have found more ways to desalt ocean water than they have found ways to pay for it. They have found six processing methods that are actually working and seven more that look promising. But the chief problem has been to get the cost down to where the purified product can compete with the natural fresh liquid in every human use. Especially for irrigation and municipal water supplies. The U.S. Department of Interior and a few corporations think they are finding the answer, and if they are right it will almost revolutionize vast areas of our world.

ONE OF the processes has already been a godsend to arid sections, where it is much cheaper to demineralize sea water than to ship in fresh drinking water for human consumption. The compression distillation method, which involves the use of stills, purifies from 1,000 to 50,000 gallons of water a day per still, depending on size. This method uses a sort of steam process that evaporates the water into steam and condenses it back into water. It was developed by the Arthur D. Little Company, of Cambridge, Mass.

A number of distillation methods have been used and they are providing drinking water for many arid areas where we have Government bases, weather stations, and other places where hauled-in water would

be more costly. Distillation has been a happy solution in desert oil developments, such as in Arabia.

The Kuwait Oil Company has in operation on the Persian Gulf a sea-water evaporation plant that produces 720,000 gallons of drinking water a day. Before this plant was installed, the company had to haul its water by tanker from a place 90 miles away.

Compression distillation furnished drinking water to over a million service men in dry combat areas during World War II. It made an important contribution toward winning the victory over the Japs on barren Iwo Jima.

Now, as important as these developments have been, scientists are working desperately to give the processing of sea water something more than a distress value. It costs approximately 25 cents per thousand gallons to deliver natural fresh water to the average kitchen sink. In order to compete with present irrigation costs, desalted ocean water will have to be delivered to our dry land areas at prices ranging from 10 to 20 cents per thousand gallons. Reaching out for these price goals scientists are now seeing visions and dreaming dreams of making great hunks of desert blossom as the rose, only it will be done the sea water way. With such an unlimited supply for earth's dry areas, we will run out of desert long before we run out of water.

With plenty of artificial wetness,

Sahara may well become a rich farm area and Death Valley may be selling by the front foot. Yes, water can make a whale of a lot of difference and human society usually follows the water line. Just look what happened after Grand Coulee and Hoover Dam and multiply that by all the arid acres in the world. It may sound fantastic, but we can dream, can't we?

DESALTING costs have been decreasing at such an encouraging rate it doesn't follow that we have been dreaming in vain. One Southern company believes that under the distillation method it can recondition sea water at a cost of 50 cents per thousand gallons compared with an average 25 cents for delivering natural fresh. During the past few months the Badger Company, of Cambridge, Massachusetts has come out with another type of compression distillation equipment. It involves creating a turbulence in water at the boiling point, producing steam without as much energy as is normally required. While this is still in the laboratory stage, Badger thinks it can reduce the cost from 30 to 40 cents. However, because of so many variables, these costs are not easily comparable with the average 25-cent-per-thousand-gallon cost of natural fresh water. But they do provide a loose basis upon which to do our dreaming.

While compression distillation has been making such gratifying prog-

ress, a new corporation believes it can cut the desalting cost to the lowest figure yet by an entirely different process. Ionics, Inc. of Boston, announces a method of regenerating ocean water at a cost of 10 to 20 cents a thousand gallons. Working with scientists from Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Ionics has a process that involves the pumping of sea water through a thin membrane. Two-thirds of the filtered product is pure water and one-third of it is brine. The one-third brine portion is expected to be found useful for a cheaper processing of potassium needed in fertilizer, bromine and magnesium, all of which are already being commercially manufactured from sea water.

Dr. Edwin Gilliland, President of Ionics, and Dr. Walter Juda, head of the group that developed the purifying method, are enthusiastic about the competitive possibilities for irrigation and municipal supplies. "In our Western states," says Dr. Juda, "as much as 10 cents a thousand gallons is paid for fresh water for ordinary industrial purposes.

"For irrigation, up to 29 cents is paid for water where there is a high and valuable yield per acre, and we've been told as high as \$7 to \$8 a thousand gallons is paid for drinking water in areas of extreme aridity."

The synthetic membranes through which the salty water is pumped

are made of low-cost coal, tar and petroleum products. In the process electric current separates salts from the water by the use of "ion-exchanges," a principle that has already been used for a long time in the softening of hard water. The details of the method are a defense and a trade secret.

While the processing costs given by Ionics sound encouragingly competitive, there are still a number of "if's" that will have to be ironed out before anyone can safely compare them with prevailing irrigation expense. The process will have to emerge completely out of the laboratory stage, and plants and equipment for large scale operation will have to be built before one can arrive at a more intelligent basis for evaluating its possibilities.

It is generally believed that the Ionics method will find its first and most profitable use in purifying the brackish waters of many arid regions. These waters contain from 885 to 10,000 parts per million of salt compared with 38,000 per million of sea water. One authority estimates that with electricity at 3 mills, brackish water can be purified for 1 cent to 12 cents per thousand gallons, depending on salt content. This may prove a boon to such brackish areas as Arizona, South Dakota and many Great Plains localities.

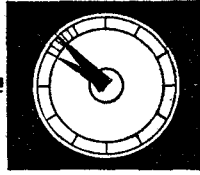
While compression distillation and ion-exchange are now the most promising prospects for commer-

cially tapping the 320,000,000 cubic miles of ocean water, there are many other processes under development. It is entirely possible for some dark-horse method to come in and steal the show. At any rate, the very multiplicity of methods is one of the best assurances that some process will eventually solve the problem.

Among the other methods now under study through the Interior Department and other agencies are: solar evaporation, multiple effect evaporation, pressure and heat, and thermal difference. These are not all the approaches by any means, as others with more or less promise are under experiment. All these processes involve technical details that I do not have space to cover here.

However, at the moment, ion-exchange and compression distillation are the two methods that seem most likely to get the first large scale commercial application. Whether they will meet the need remains a matter of anxious speculation until that happens. There are many noted authorities who feel that these two solutions are already cheaper than the storage dams we have been building for the same needs.

They even say that if these processes had been developed at the time, there would have been no need for the 200-mile Owens River Aqueduct that supplies much of the water for Southern California.



It's Eleven O'Clock in the FAR EAST

By Harold Lord Varney

THE COLD, dank odor of appeasement is in the air. All the premonitory signs of an approaching collapse before Communism are building up in the Far East picture.

Washington won't admit it, but the Cold War, for the Far East, is definitely over. The stage is being set for another American strategic retreat. Although the Communist hate-drive which led to the sentencing of the 13 American fliers and civilians will make it harder for the Washington appeasers to maneuver their deal, and may delay the timetable for a few months, the end result is certain.

It is certain because the Eisenhower Administration is repeating the same befuddled policy which

made such a shambles of the Acheson-Truman years — the policy of letting Great Britain (and its ally, Nehru's India) exercise veto power over American action in Asia. And since British and American interests in East Asia are diametrically opposed, the Eisenhower subordination to Downing Street in the Far East is a policy of diplomatic suicide.

The American people expected something better than this from President Eisenhower. Much of his spectacular victory in 1952 derived from the trustful belief of the American voters that he would sweep with a new broom in the Orient. The political revolt in 1952 was a revolt against Achesonism and Jessupism; it was a revolt against the betrayal

of Chiang Kai-shek; it was a revolt against the humiliation of General Douglas MacArthur and the consequent Korean stalemate. It was a revolt against the insensate kow-tow of the Truman Administration to the British. These were the things which the American people expected that a Republican administration would change.

President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles haven't changed them. So incredibly have they rubber-stamped the "follow Britain" policy in Asia that an ADA writer, David C. Williams, summarizing the results of the 1954 vote, was able to say exultantly that "the small role that foreign policy played in the campaign was in itself evidence of the degree to which the Administration had been withdrawing to established Truman-Acheson positions." And Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, "Mr. ADA" himself, was moved to say, in a television give-and-take, that "the Eisenhower foreign policy is the Truman policy."

The Administration record in the Far East since 1953 has been one of bluster, of irresolution, and in the end, either total inaction or inglorious capitulation to the Eden-Nehru appeasement axis. Reversing the Theodore Roosevelt dictum of speaking softly and carrying the big stick, Mr. Dulles has spoken fiercely, but the stick which he has carried has turned out to be a pea-shooter. We have been impressive gymnasium fighters, but in the ring with Mao

and Malenkov, we have repeatedly taken the count.

LET US recall the grim chronology of the Eisenhower two years.

They began well. The new Administration came out punching, in its first promising weeks. The President's State of the Union message pledged a "new and positive approach."

Specifically, this message of February 2, 1953, held out the heartening suggestion that the Eisenhower government was going to reverse two of the most thoroughly discredited policies of the Acheson-Truman era. These were (1) the shielding of Red China from knock-out attacks on the soft underbelly of its mainland and (2) the sterile George Kennan policy of containment.

The Truman order of 1950 directing the Seventh Fleet to prevent the Nationalist Chinese from attacking the Red China coast had probably been the direct cause of our losing the Korean War. If the United States, instead of neutralizing Chiang, had encouraged and aided him to launch a powerful attack on the Chekiang or Fukien coast, Red China would have been so hard-pressed that it would never have ventured to attack MacArthur's troops on the Yalu River. The Korean War would have been over, and completely won, in November, 1950. President Eisenhower, two and a half years later, in one of his first

official acts, lifted this infamous order, and left Formosa free to attack Red China.

This Eisenhower act stirred new hope in Americans of all factions that at last the still unwon Korean War could be ended in the MacArthur way, by a paralyzing attack upon Red China's own territory. Senator Alexander Wiley, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and an undeviating Eisenhower man, interpreted the Eisenhower order as meaning that we were about to unleash Nationalist Chinese bombardments of Red China's strategic railroads, with American-supplied planes. Senator William Fulbright (D-Ark.) urged that the Administration supply Formosa with enough planes to conduct such bombardments. Admiral Arthur W. Radford and others urged that a tight blockade be clamped on the whole Red China coast.

It seemed, for a brief moment, that the new President was about to make a genuine effort to end the Korean War, not in stalemate, but in smashing victory.

The expectation was quickly snuffed out, like a darkened candle. Sir Anthony Eden pointedly expressed Great Britain's "concern" over this changed American policy toward Red China. Mr. Dulles hopped a plane and rushed to London to confer with the British. What pressures Downing Street put upon the unseasoned Eisenhower-Dulles team must be left to conjecture. But

when Mr. Dulles returned, he announced that there would be no blockade. There was no more talk about bombing Mao Tse-tung's railways. And the fleets of bombers and jets which Chiang Kai-shek was to have received in Formosa, dwindled down to a few token deliveries — not enough to mount an effective air offensive — probably not enough even to defend Formosa against an all-out Red Chinese assault.

Some light was thrown on the motivation of this first Eisenhower policy at a luncheon which the President gave to a group of Senators after his State of the Union address. He told them that he was quieting the objections of our allies by making clear to them that the whole performance was a part of our psychological warfare program.

THE SECOND announced Eisenhower *démarche* in anti-Soviet policy also dissolved into nothingness, almost before the echoes of the State of the Union speech had died away. This was the suggestion that the United States should abandon containment in favor of liberation.

There was nothing new or unprecedented about the liberation policy. Congress had already adopted it in the form of the Kersten Bill in 1952, and had appropriated \$100 million to finance official liberation activities. Liberation was the goal of the loudly publicized Crusade for Freedom of which Mr. Eisenhower himself had been a director. It was

supported in the Republican national platform upon which he was elected in 1952.

The President contented himself with the gesture of sponsoring a Congressional resolution which berated the Russians for "perverting" the Yalta and Potsdam pacts into instruments for the subjugation of free peoples, and which declared that the United States would not acquiesce in such enslavement.

But when a group of Senators, headed by Senators Taft and Smith, attempted to put teeth in the resolution by adding a clause which would have committed the United States to non-recognition of the territorial changes under the Yalta and Potsdam pacts, the whole power of the White House was used to defeat the clause. The solution remained a pious but empty moral declaration. And with the passage of this pronouncement, the Eisenhower Administration appeared to reach the exhaustion point in its liberation efforts.

THE ONE Far East achievement to which the Eisenhower Administration points with pride is the ending of the Korean War. While this accomplishment has added to the Eisenhower political popularity, its reaction upon our few remaining Asiatic friends has been poisonous.

The best that can be said is that Mr. Eisenhower extricated us gracefully from a lost and unpopular war which was none of his making.

But the price which we paid for peace in Korea was to abandon our probable last chance to topple the Communist regime in China. In signing the armistice, although the signers were the North Koreans, we were, for all practical purposes, signing our acquiescence in the permanent control of China by the Communists.

Men who look beyond next year's election returns to the permanent security of the United States — such men as General MacArthur, General Van Fleet, General Clark, Mr. Robertson, and Admiral Radford — have recognized all along that the real stake in the Korean War was not tiny Korea but behemoth China. If, out of the blood and agony and squandered billions of the Korean War, we could have plucked the overthrow or the permanent weakening of Red China, we would have had something on the credit side to show for our pale corpses. This objective should have been the fixed target of all our military operations in Korea. Nothing short of such an achievement would have justified this hideous war.

It was this goal which President Eisenhower allowed to slip out of his hands when his representative signed the armistice terms at Panmunjom. Red China, which could have been cut to pieces if we had followed MacArthur's strategy in 1951, or Van Fleet's in 1952, was allowed to survive, stronger and not weaker for the Korea experience, to

fight America again in some nightmarish year when her strength will be equal to or greater than our own. President Eisenhower ended the Korean War, but he ended it on terms that darken the whole horoscope of America. This is not an achievement to boast of; it is an act of lost nerve for which American diplomacy should be humbly contrite.

BUT THE crowning incident of Eisenhower irresolution in Asia was the blow-hot, blow-cold performance in Indo-China. Here the President and his spokesmen took strong and bellicose verbal positions, but collapsed dismally in action.

Here is the sorry record:

The question in Indo-China was always whether the free nations were going to make another shamefaced and inglorious retreat before Communism, or whether they were going to stand and fight. Mr. Eisenhower and his advisers never seemed quite able to make up their minds until the decisive hour was past and Vietnam was lost.

One American who saw clearly, in terms of American military security, throughout the Indo-China ordeal, was Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chief of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Admiral Radford courageously pointed out that "the loss of Indo-China would lay all of Southeast Asia open to Communist domination," and that in the event of its loss we might have to pull our main defenses back to Hawaii.

For a time, in the early spring of 1954, the President and his National Security Council seemed to wake up to the fact that the basic safety of the United States was bound up in the Vietnam decision. Mr. Dulles, in a speech at the Overseas Press Club on March 29, declared that the Communist threat in Indo-China "should be met by united action." The President himself, in his April 7 press conference, gave every indication that he was preparing public opinion for intervention. Indo-China was like a domino in a row, he declared. If it fell, it might topple the whole row. Indo-China, he said, turned the so-called island defensive chain of Japan, Formosa, and the Philippines. In the southward, it moved in to threaten Australia and New Zealand.

But it was Vice-President Nixon, chairman of the National Security Council, who was most explicit. Summoning an off-the-record press conference, with several hundred Washington correspondents, the Vice-President said:

The United States as a leader of the free world cannot afford further retreat in Asia. It is hoped the United States will not have to send troops there, but if this Government cannot avoid it, the Administration must face up to the situation and dispatch forces.

While these words were being spoken, General de Castries was standing with his back to the wall in Dienbienphu, waiting daily for the

arrival of the hoped-for air support which would turn back the Communists.

But having virtually promised intervention, the President experienced another of those strange changes of heart which have always defeated his Far East policies. It was a change of heart which coincided with some purposeful maneuvers by Sir Anthony Eden on the London-Paris front.

ON APRIL 24, Secretary Dulles sent a letter to French Foreign Minister Bidault saying that American military leaders felt it was too late to save Dienbienphu, and that the United States could not intervene except in "united action" with our allies. The Dulles letter was the death knell of the Indo-China resistance. Dienbienphu, left to wither on the vine, collapsed, and with it fell all of northern Indo-China.

To complete the story of American humiliation in Indo-China, when the armistice was signed at Geneva on July 15, the United States agreed to "respect" the turnover of Northern Indo-China to the Communists, and pledged itself to refrain from using force to disturb the agreement. President Eisenhower, who had declared bravely in his 1953 State of the Union message that he would not acquiesce in the enslavement of free peoples, thus accepted the enslavement of an additional 13,000,000 Vietnamese under the Communist iron heel.

To balance these major reverses in the Far East, the Eisenhower Administration has come up with three affirmative programs which have been loudly hailed as historic.

The latest of these is the Formosa-United States Pact, announced on December 2nd. This Pact officializes the unofficial assurance which the United States has given to Nationalist China that it will defend Formosa and the Pescadores, if Red China attacks. While this shows a heartening advance over Mr. Dulles' press announcement in April, 1953, that the Administration was considering a UN trusteeship over Formosa, it is still strategically inadequate. It omits any American guarantee to protect Quemoy or the Taimen islands, without which a mainland invasion by Free China would be extremely difficult. To the Free Chinese, still hopeful of a return to their homeland, the Pact seems to be a permanent freezing of Nationalist China to the limited Formosa area.

The program which Mr. Dulles regards as his proudest handiwork is SEATO — the long-sought alliance of free Asiatic nations. But SEATO, as it materialized, is an instrument of virtually no military significance in the Far East situation. Unlike NATO, which guarantees each member nation against Communist attack, SEATO gives no guarantees. It remains a decorative body in which Asiatic nations may consult, but in which they are unobligated to act.

Even this shadow alliance is incapable of mobilizing full Asiatic free-nation pressure behind its pale activities because Mr. Dulles, at the behest of the British, studiously omitted from SEATO the three Asiatic non-Communist powers which actually possess military might — Nationalist China, North Korea and Japan. SEATO was doomed from the start by Mr. Dulles' eagerness to include the two colonial powers, Britain and France, whose presence in an Asiatic body is offensive to the anti-white temper which the Communists are whooping up throughout Southeast Asia. Instead of an alliance of purely Asiatic powers, it is a nonesuch of commingled white imperialisms and feeble unmilitarized minor Asiatic countries.

THE THIRD Eisenhower program for the Far East is equally unpromising. This is the latest Stassen Plan for an economic Marshall Plan for the Far East. This project is ambitious in its purposes. It proposes to by-pass the necessity of military action against Communism in Southeast Asia by pouring a golden stream of American dollars into the region. To use an unpleasant but appropriate word, it proposes to "buy" the South Asiatics. Advance feelers from Washington have even hazarded an estimate of \$3 billion a year as the cost of the project.

It is ironical to recall that a nation which, in 1954, contemplates the

output of \$3 billion a year to save a few remnants of non-Communist real estate in Southeast Asia, threw up its hands in horror in December, 1948, when Madame Chiang Kai-shek presented a plan to President Truman, costing \$2,500,000,000, which would have saved China. Always we are too little and too late when it comes to Asia.

The Stassen Plan has all the specious attractiveness of the effortless and the painless. It promises us major victories without the ordeal of fighting. It may have some value to the Eisenhower Administration as a diversion to turn the public mind away from contemplation of our unbroken defeats in the Far East. As a practical program, it is nonsense.

Sardonically, it was President Eisenhower himself who pronounced the crushing refutation of the Stassen Plan, which he now supports. Speaking to the nation's editors on June 23, 1954, Mr. Eisenhower said:

You could not keep any other country in the world free merely by money. You can't buy or import a heart, or a soul or a determination to remain free. Consequently, the statement that American so-called giveaway programs are not going to keep the world free is absolutely true.

In the saffron light of these two years of Eisenhower hesitations and wrong turns in the Far East, just where do we stand in Asia? It is plainly eleven o'clock in the timetable of our Far East policies. Is

there still a chance to salvage something in this sinking situation?

The answer to this bitter question lies in the enigmatic future of Japan. Most current American discussions of East Asia begin lopsidedly with exhaustive analyses of South Korea, Formosa, the Philippines or Thailand — brave little nations, but admittedly tiny dots in the great map of Asia. What is usually undiscussed is the plain fact that the whole SEATO set-up, as well as the pretentious Stassen hand-out program, can be forced out of East Asia almost overnight if Japan slips over to the Peiping-Moscow axis, or even turns neutralist. Japan is the one pivotal point in the Far East upon which a viable policy can be based. And Japan is a baffling question mark.

NOWHERE, on the delicate East Asia seismograph, have American failures and retreats in Korea and Indo-China registered more painfully than in Japan. The Japanese are an expedient people. They have no ideologic urge to be attached to a loser. They have no background of pro-Americanism. Japan is capable of abandoning its pro-West orientation with lightning rapidity, if the free world position deteriorates much further in Asia.

All the economic imperatives of Japan's lonely position in Asia draw her toward an entente with Red China and Russia. The continuous delegations of Japanese businessmen who have visited Peiping and Rus-

sia in recent months to talk trade are a foretaste of what is coming. Only the stream of American money in aid, occupation spendings and off-shore procurement has kept the Japanese economy in balance — shut off, as it is, from its natural trade channels in the Iron Curtain countries. And the gravitation of South-east Asia to Communism, under the pliant Eisenhower policies, is narrowing the few markets that are still left in Asia for Japanese exports. That the Japanese are thinking in large terms is seen in Mr. Yoshida's recent recommendation of a \$4 billion annual American fund for Asia, when he visited Washington.

As long as the American position in Japan rests primarily upon the non-stop flow of American dollars, our whole status in the West Pacific remains basically insecure. Only a series of American diplomatic or military victories over Red China can cement Japan to our side. And Washington, under Eisenhower and Dulles, is thinking in terms of appeasement and retreat.

Our Far East policy, from Yalta to Geneva, has been a tissue of tragic errors. On top of the errors, it is now waterlogged with irresolution and self-doubt. We are no longer leading in Asia. We are humiliatingly following, and our bellwethers are Eden and Nehru.

Can we awake to reality in time? The thinning sands in the hour glass of our opportunity warn us that the zero hour is near.

CONFESSIONS *of an* Intellectual Taxi Driver

By DAVID WILLIAMSON

ROMANTIC idea, isn't it? An intellectual taxi driver. Something like a prince masquerading as a pauper among his people. My friends and colleagues nodded enthusiastic agreement with my plans for the summer. Such a healthy experience for a young Ph.D. candidate, to spend a summer outside the ivory tower, seeing *life*. "You ought to pick up some sexy illustrations for freshman sociology," glibed my fellow-instructors. "And how exciting," chimed their wives. "But," cautioned the elders, "you should keep an eye out for research possibilities."

Taxi driving would be a master stroke, I enthused. The cabbie — along with the bartender and the bellboy — is the accepted repository of all folk knowledge. From his catbird seat behind the wheel, he sagely views the passing parade of humanity in the raw. He is the poor man's psychiatrist, the stranger's friend, the playboy's guide-about-town.

After the first couple of nights on the job, I decided to put off such systematic observation for a few days, until I had mastered the technicalities of the job itself. To put it frankly, I was bushed. The simple task of ferrying people from one place to another had turned into an engulfing web of intricacies which submerged me completely.

The first thing I had to learn was the radio dispatching system. Each of the one hundred cabs in the fleet called in after completing each run, and was called to be given each new assignment. When you figure about four calls per taxi per hour, and multiply by one hundred cabs, you can see that the radio was mighty busy. As a result, there was an elaborate system of procedures to keep communication going, and not to master the procedures of communication was not to have taxi fares.

The next two days were spent apprenticing alongside drivers in front seats trying to untangle the

web of complexities. I learned how the driver clipped his time of communication with the dispatcher to a minimum by strict use of codes and lightning-fast reflexes. "Alki" meant that you were having trouble finding the address. "Green" meant that you had seen a potential fare and wanted to report it for somebody else to get. You were identified by the number of your cab only. What's more, the cabbie did not just burst into the circuit, but worked in through instantaneous response to tiny go-aheads by the dispatcher.

THE second day my teacher let me do his radio work. He lost several dollars worth of fares; I suffered a set of frayed nerves and a fallen ego. "You'll learn," he smiled bravely.

Yet all these skills were above and beyond what I had considered the job of driving cab. I expected to have to learn the city's geography, but didn't expect to need it committed to the level of reflex. There was a street listing in each cab, but no maps whatsoever. When "number-ten-it's-twenty-one-thirty-seven-fifteen-north" suddenly appeared in the middle of the radio's chatter, my teacher quickly blurted a "right" into the mike, put us into gear, and we were off, ending up on the correct side of the street without deviating a block from the course.

"Take your time," he sympathized. "Ask the dispatcher or the passenger when you don't know the address. Just tell them you're a green pea."

Perfect mastery of the dispatching system and flawless guiding of the cab, I learned, made an adequate cab driver — but not a good one. A good driver was one who came in with a good "sheet" at the end of each shift, one who could make good money for himself and the company. One could drive flawless cab and yet turn in poor sheets.

The good sheet is the product of eight hours of unerring hunches, gambles which lead the cabbie to fares. The trick is always to locate himself so that he has the maximum chance of being hired. Should he stay in the suburb where his last fare ended, or go downtown empty to try a pickup? How long is the waiting list in the next region over? Is any particular function due to break? And how many other cabbies are figuring the same way?

My first few nights as an entrepreneur in this free competition were frustrating. My best guesses were wrong and my sheets low. The cabbie's whole prestige with his fellows is measured by the dollars on his sheet. When two drivers meet on a stand, they don't talk about their last customer or the weather, but about their winnings — exactly like two investment brokers. "It's luck, pure luck," they'll tell the admiring green pea. But it's "luck" which the green pea is expected to develop fast, and on which the demand for his services rests completely.

What about the people, the passing parade of humanity?

Well, they're certainly necessary for a good sheet. And a good driver has learned how to get them into the cab, to their destination, and out of the cab as pleasantly as possible — preferably with a good tip.

"Never drive a drunk until you're sure he has the fare. Search him if you have to."

"When you see that a lady has taken a lot of trouble dolling herself up, be sure you flatter her, somehow."

"A lot of guys will want you to come in for a drink or to exchange names and addresses for later. Humor them, but keep your distance."

A cabbie would have to be omnipotent to pay full attention to all that is happening to him. While the passenger is telling him why she is running away from her husband, asking him where to find women and liquor, propositioning him, or seeking his advice, the cabbie is struggling with downtown traffic, planning his route, and formulating his next move to get a fare. Twenty fares a night leave his mind not contemplative, but merely numbed from overstimulation. Often he would just as soon have people shut up and let him do his job in peace.

I was no exception to this rule. And at first it made me feel quite guilty. Surely a good intellectual should be able to rise above the routine. For the first few weeks I put off the challenge, thinking that I would later master the technicalities of the trade enough to allow my

attention to range afield.

I did make one magnificent effort to regain my perspective after about the third week of driving. According to plan, I visited the union headquarters to collect some quantitative data.

Addressing the formidable-looking secretary through glass like a bank teller's, I felt like asking the time of day. But I did manage to blurt, "Who would I see to get some statistics on the membership of the union?"

She just eyed me as though I were a damned fool, and I felt inclined to agree at that point. After a moment, she mumbled some man's name and said that he would probably be in soon. "I'll be back," I said, and beat it briskly. I never returned, and fervently hope that the secretary has forgotten about the whole thing.

WAS THE summer sortie a failure then? Maybe not. Safely back in the academic fold, I will probably organize many profound thoughts in retrospect. My freshman students will be awed by the breadth of my experience and amused by the anecdotes. I may even be better prepared to do intelligent research in this area.

And did I find the common man? If he is not a myth, I did. He is the cab driver — and the intellectual. He is every man doing his own job and living his own life — including me.

Letters to the Editor

» I think your magazine is superb — the only magazine I can think of, with the exception of *U.S. News & World Report*, that reveals to the public what we should know; that is articulate in defending our glorious country, and supports ideals incorporated into our governmental structure by our Founding Fathers.

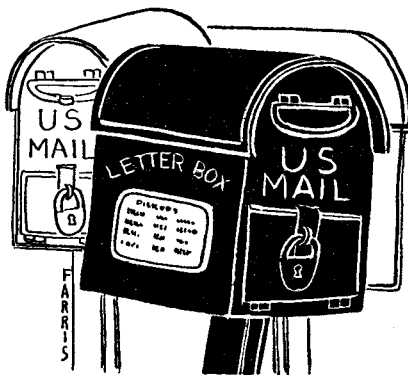
I am horror struck by the destruction being brought upon us by the American press, which has violated the trust of freedom imposed on it by our democracy. It is my prayer that your circulation will grow to ungovernable proportions; that every edition of your magazine will be read by so many people, the pages, from use, will become unreadable.

It is my prayer that ultimately the American people, by some gigantic united effort, will repudiate the offal that has been thrust at them by the majority of our newspapers.

MRS. DANIEL J. FARRELL
Middletown, Pennsylvania

» I have read your editorial, "In the Mercury's Opinion," and although I am in accord with most of your articles I found there are a few things I disagree with.

I cannot agree with you on the Nuremberg trials, for we must fight both Communism and Fascism at the same time, for both are twin cancers. Communism paves the way for Fascism.



We must not condemn or refuse support to the U.N. Rather, we must throw out of the U.N. all Communist and Fascist aggressors. With U.S. leadership the U.N. will go on to smash and destroy all Communism and Fascism in the world.

Let us also clean out of the U.N. as well as the U.S. Government all Communist and Fascist agents and employees who use the U.N. and the U.S. Government as a shield or front for their subversive, espionage, blackmail activities.

Let all Americans fight the *causes* of Communism and Fascism — unemployment, racial and religious prejudice and discrimination, delinquency, corruption in government, industry, politics; lack of co-operation among all civic, sectarian, governmental, educational groups; lack of education in American democracy, lack of education in the

cancerous dangers of Communism and Fascism, lack of morality and statesmanship principles in our government leaders, politicians, business leaders, social leaders, educational leaders; lack of adequate security for the handicapped, the unskilled, the aged. . . . These you must not and cannot afford to overlook. These you must mention also.

S. SKOLNICK
Brooklyn, New York

» Regarding "Doings of a Democracy," why join the ranks of eggheads and brainwashers who try to teach the public and all school students that we now have a "democracy"? Contrariwise, in Iron Curtain countries the word "republic" is stressed. U.S.S.R. and Polish People's *Republic*, for instance.

Also a worthy thought for our Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's feasts: After we have had our second or third helping of roast turkey or chicken or pheasant and pumpkin pie, just before we stagger to our feet and head for that comfortable chair or couch, pause a moment and wonder what some 800,000 homeless Arabs and perhaps thousands of forgotten GI's in Commie prison camps had for their dinner.

NORRIS HOLT
Sausalito, California

» I have just finished reading J. B. Matthews' splendid article on Elmer Davis. I had hopes that someone would write him up. I also enjoyed Eugene Lyons' article "A Call to Anger." He is certainly right: America has lost its sense of outrage.

GEORGE W. BALL
Morehead City, North Carolina

» Thanks for your wonderful magazine, which I look forward to every month. More power to you and the great writers you have. It's most encouraging to Americans who often feel disgusted with the usual trend.

Blessings. Best wishes.

MARY ALLEN
New York, New York

» For the first time since taking the magazine I have a criticism for someone on your staff. The article in the December issue by Grace Demarest Reddik, "I Detest Cats," has no place in this patriotic magazine.

Miss Reddik may have written the article with her tongue in her cheek; but there are, I'm sure, many subscribers who love cats, who aren't the crackpots she describes in her story with such glee, who like my family will resent the publication of it in your magazine.

It is entirely possible that Miss Reddik is a crackpot herself in her detestation of the animal which was one of the first to be domesticated. One wonders if she has an understanding and love for any of God's four-footed creatures.

One thing is certain: Cats (the four-footed kind) may become noisy during their mating season if not controlled, but they are no worse than some two-legged animals who should know better where sex is concerned but act far worse in bars and night clubs than cats who, having no better place, must use alleys and backyard fences for their love affairs.

I sincerely hope that your editorial staff will not use such *unfunny* material again.

FLORA H. HODGE
Los Angeles, California

Radio's MOST UNIQUE SHOW

By Ray Varela

NOT LONG AGO, Saturday night, 7:00 P.M. was a radio date not to be missed by thousands of Canadian listeners, and for many women fans especially it was also a poignant moment, when they could feel a little closer to those they loved behind prison bars.

By the courtesy of the "management," the performers were allowed to project themselves for a precious 30 minutes of air time; there was only one restriction — the entertainers had to remain anonymous, being referred to by Christian name only. This may seem to be somewhat peculiar at first, but then the "management" referred to in this case happens to be the warden and prison staff of Kingston Penitentiary, Ontario.

It all happened a few years ago

when the top men at radio station CKWS asked the warden if he would consider a prison radio show. The Ontario Prison Commissioners looked with favor on the idea so, two years ago, "Kingston Penitentiary on the Air" boomed its way into radio history.

Although the success of the program owed much to the inspired efforts of the radio station crew, it was the inmates of the pen who gave it that certain quality which, under happier circumstances, would have meant box office — and dollars.

Listening to the program was an eerie experience. There was something unreal about it. Here were men, many of them desperate characters, who had murdered and raped, committed arson, armed robbery and incest, and who had defied the

laws of God and Man. Yet they sang songs, played musical instruments and cracked jokes. It was difficult to believe that the show was coming from behind the grim walls of Canada's most famous maximum-security prison. One wondered how men with sentences of 10 or 20 or 30 years, or life, could find it in themselves to laugh and joke.

Few of the inmates had had any contact with show biz before they came to the penitentiary (unless they'd robbed a movie house), but with time on their hands many men discovered they could sing, or play some kind of musical instrument.

Judged by the material used on the program, convicts are sentimental, humorous, and reasonably aware of the difficulties of life on the "outside." Not once did the listener detect any bitterness in the voices of those who appeared on the show.

As with show biz on the "outside" there was always more talent available than could be used in 30 minutes a week, and from the pattern of the program it was evident that a form of rota system was used. Apart from a small band and two comedians, there were new performers every week.

OCCASIONALLY, a well-known figure in Canada's underworld would somehow make himself heard conspicuously to his listening friends. This was the case when "Alonzo, the Harmonica Wizard" was announced over the air. The talented performer

referred to was in private life Alonzo Boyd, mastermind of Toronto's notorious Boyd gang, who pulled off a series of daring bank robberies in that city. Over a period of a few short months they chalked up a loot total of \$200,000. Two of the gang were executed for the murder of a detective, one is serving 25 years, and Boyd, now a harmless, penitent convict, is doing a life stretch.

Auditions for the show were held during the week and the script was batted out on prison office typewriters by three of the inmates with a gift for stringing words together.

For security reasons, not all the inmates were present when the show went on the air. The "live" audience consisted of trustees, prison guards, and two radio technicians from Station CKWS, who taped the show. The rest of the prison population heard it on their cell earphones.

The signature-tune which opened "Kingston Penitentiary on the Air" was appropriately "The Prisoner's Song," a somewhat melancholy ditty which was jazzed up to disguise its dismal associations.

The opening number was followed by a session of cross-patter by the "resident" comedians, who seasoned their routine with frequent references to the "Chateau du Seclusion" and to the joys of living in a well-ordered community devoid of stress and strains suffered by those on the "outside."

The most popular items in the show were take-offs on such programs

as "Dragnet" and "Crime Fighters" and courtroom sketches into which the inmates always managed to infuse a certain amount of sly, but ironic humor.

The entertainment provided owed more to raw enthusiasm than to calculated inspiration. The solo spots were usually given over to mawkishly sentimental numbers such as "Danny Boy," "My Friend," "Mother Macchree" and "I Believe." But in spite of the none too high standard, it wasn't long before the mail started to pour into the penitentiary. And it brought headaches to the convict-producer who had to find out who "Johnny who sang 'Trees' was," and if it was possible to bring on "Harry who played a paper comb three weeks ago."

SO POPULAR did the program become that many Ontario radio stations took it on as a summer replacement. People started to send the inmates phonograph records, musical instruments and sheet music.

To most people, and more particularly penologists, "K.P. on the Air" represented a forward step in the difficult business of rehabilitation, and there was no doubt that the inmates appreciated the opportunity to join in a community of spirit with their loved ones on the "outside."

Unfortunately, the show came to

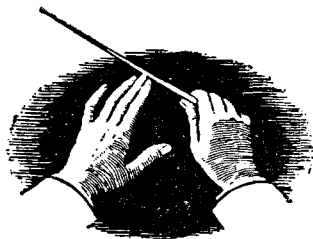
an abrupt end in August, 1954. Despite a regime which sought to humanize the penitentiary, there was tension in the place, a tension which exploded in a welter of smoke and flame and destruction one Sunday afternoon. The fire, which gutted the main workshops, was started with cigarette lighters and was the signal for an orgy of senseless destruction. No attempt was made to break out, but the price tag for the riot read \$2,000,000.

Among the privileges which Warden Johnson had to withdraw was that of broadcasting "Kingston Penitentiary on the Air." But it is pleasant to record that not one of the inmates associated with the program took part in the riot. It is not known when, if ever, the program will be resumed.

The Saturday following the riot was an unhappy day for both inmates and relatives. Gone was their invisible link. Instead of the spirited trumpet solo which had heralded the program, listeners heard the following dismal announcement: "Owing to circumstances which it is unnecessary to discuss, Kingston Penitentiary on the Air will *not* be heard this evening; instead, we are going to give you an eye-witness account of the recent riot."

Thus ended one of the unique shows of radio.





SOUND ON DISC

THERE is a good deal of jargon written on the jacket of Igor Stravinsky's *Symphony in C* (1940), which Columbia has issued. Ignore it, and listen to the music, starting out preferably with the *Larghetto*. You will find that the composer's questing eclecticism and his search for a contemporary expression has been richly successful in this lovely oboe cantilena. There are echoes of past voices here, but the music is, surprisingly enough, alive and American in content and mood — at once austere and romantic. I say it in no invidious sense, but this is the kind of music Hollywood composers would produce if Hollywood had composers with Stravinsky's genius. Recorded sound is excellent, as is the performance by the Cleveland Orchestra, Stravinsky conducting. (ML 4899)

On Vox: two violin concertos — Mendelssohn's in *E Minor* and Tchaikovsky's in *D Major*. These are works you have heard before, and frequently, a fact which makes the Mendelssohn work no less ap-

pealing. They are perfect vehicles for Ivry Gitlis, a young Israeli violinist who sweeps into them with joyous verve and technical ease. His tone is good, his fingering dexterous, and he gets under the hide of the music. (PL 8840). . . . Also in the fiddler's corner: two Brahms *Sonatas* — *Number 1 in G Major* and *Number 3 in D Minor* — played by one of the great violinists of our time, Isaac Stern. Mature in approach, with a rhythmic impetus, his tone a clear delineation of sound, Stern blunders into no pitfalls. And when the music calls for a rush of emotion, he has it in store. These are re-issues of older recordings, but they stand up well by present standards. (ML 4912)

Tómas Luís de Victoria was a contemporary of St. John and St. Teresa of Avila, and his masses and other liturgical services stem from the same dark, Iberic mysticism. Little by little, the somber colors of his musical palate are becoming known and appreciated by the contemporary world. Vox brings two

more of them, a *Missa Pro Defunctis* and a *Magnificat*, superbly sung and recorded by the Choir of the Choral Academy in Lecco, Italy. Those of you who read this column regularly know with what pleasure I hail each new Victoria record, but this one deserves special mention. (PL 8930) . . . Also on Vox, and also of the liturgy, is Bach's well-known *Magnificat in D Major*. This has been previously recorded by other companies — and I must confess that I find the new version a little shrill and unmajestic. The performing artists are the Chorus of Radio Stuttgart, the Pro Musica Orchestra of the same city, and Rolf Reinhardt, conductor. (PL 8890)



Considerably more felicitous is the Vox recording of Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto in A Major* and the *Bassoon Concerto in B Flat Major*. The clarinet work is one of the great musical expressions of pathos and introspection, and clarinetist Rudolf Jettel (I confess that his name is unfamiliar to me) lives up to it beautifully — rivaling Reginald Kell's criteria of performance. The bassoon work is much earlier Mozart — charming, lyrical, but lacking the depth of the mature output. Leo Cermak carries it off well. Both soloists are supported by the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna, Leopold Emmer conducting. (PL 8870)

The Art of Roland Hayes is a tribute to a singer and musician of rare

voice and ability — a tribute all the more great because he himself is the vehicle. At 67, this great Negro artist can still put younger, firmer voices to shame. His reputation is international; his music is universal. In a two-record album, handsomely packaged by Vanguard, Hayes runs the gamut of *Six Centuries of Song*, ranging from Machaut and Monteverdi to Debussy and Villa-Lobos —

with interludes of the spirituals he immortalized. With wonderful phrasing and, for the most part, unfaltering pitch, he gives life to the "formal" songs. But it is in the spirituals — *Ezekiel Saw*

De Wheel, Were You There, He Never Said a Mumberlin Word, etc. — that he really moves into the realm of the superlative. I guess it's obvious that this is one I liked — all out. (VRS 448/9)

I HAVE always found pleasure in the music which grows out of the popular spirit — the songs people whistle in the street, the melodies which come out of the world's night clubs. So I have been playing over and over Vanguard's issues from France — *Paris Midnight*, sung by a smooth-voiced and nostalgic chanteuse named Liane, and *Songs of Parisian Nights*, by the more husky-voiced Germaine Montero (for the books, a protégé of García Lorca). Liane is perfect on *Parlez Moi d'Amour*, *La Mer*, and other staples. (VRS 7014 and 7005) R. DE T.

Negro Rebellion Is Still *the Aim of* REDS

BY MANNING JOHNSON

OVER a period of more than three decades, the American arm of the Soviet conspiracy has tried to woo, subvert, and use the Negroes in their megalomaniacal struggle for world domination.

Posing as “friends” and “champions,” they have attempted to sell Negro Americans a program of “national liberation” through the medium of armed rebellion and racial civil war. This program was hatched in the diabolical mind of Stalin behind the grim walls of the Kremlin. It was first projected in 1928 at the 6th World Congress of the Communist International in Moscow. But it was not until 1930 that this “solution” of the Negro question in the U.S. was put forth in the form of the now famous “Resolutions of the Communist International on the Negro Question in the United States.”

Stalin’s solution of the Negro question in the U.S. was fully in accord with clearly defined Soviet policy: “When socialism is victorious

in one country, the victorious proletariat of that country would rise against the rest of the capitalist world, *raise revolts in those countries, and if necessary, use armed force against those states.*”

In their Resolutions, the Reds gathered together all the racial inequities and injustices that exasperate the mind of the Negro to create a picture of “national oppression” to serve as the basis for their contention that the Negroes constitute an “oppressed nation within a nation,” hence are entitled to the “right of self-determination.”

The program of self-determination applied to the Negro is one of national rebellion against the Government of the United States and the forceful and violent carving of a Negro State out of America. Stalin made this clear when he stated: “The right of self-determination means that a nation can arrange its life according to its own will. It has the right to arrange its life on the basis of autonomy. It has the right

to enter into federal relations with other nations. It has the right to complete secession."

Fantastic as it may seem, the program called for the setting up of this Negro Republic in the area of the Black Belt, where Negroes are a majority of the population. Obviously, to attempt to carry out such a plan would entail mass rebellion, bloody and violent racial civil war, waged from the Eastern Shore of Maryland across the South into Texas. The result would be genocide.

The promise of "Land, Bread and Freedom" is used as bait to "sucker" the Negro tenant farmers, sharecroppers and agricultural workers into this flagitious plan of racial suicide. Indeed, it is a cold-blooded and ruthless plan to use the Negroes as expendables in the Soviet conquest of America.

Having made a careful study of the inequities, injustices and other evils prevalent in Southern plantation economy, the Moscow hierarchy concluded that the Negroes constitute the most potential revolutionary force in America. Moreover, correct exploitation of race relations could very well turn the Negro populace into the Achilles Heel of America. In this light, the intense and extensive efforts of the Reds to win over the Negroes should be understood.

A devilish plan of such magnitude poses the question of leadership. Stalin solved it by ordering the American Reds to send Negro mem-

bers to Russia for special training so as to develop them into professional revolutionists. Over the years, a large number of Negro Reds were sent to the Far Eastern University and the Lenin Institute in Russia, where they were given training in the science of political warfare, plus the science, the strategy and tactics of rebellion and civil war.

AMONG these Soviet-trained Negro quislings are such well-known leaders as Henry Winston, convicted bail jumper now hunted by the F.B.I.; Thomas Nabried, convicted under the Smith Act; Claude Lightfoot, indicted under the Smith Act; Benjamin Carreathers, convicted under the Smith Act; Alphonse "Al" Murphy, former president of the Sharecroppers Union recently convicted under the Smith Act; Harry Haywood, author and outstanding authority on the program of Negro rebellion; Maude White Katz; Otto Hall; Romaine Ferguson; and Benjamin De Witt Amis.

Few Americans have heard of the National Negro Commission of the Communist Party, yet it is one of the most important bodies in the apparatus. It is composed of Negro and white professional revolutionists who are (1) of unquestionable loyalty; (2) willing to accept Party discipline; (3) subservient to the higher bodies; (4) ready to make any sacrifice including the interest and welfare of the Negro people, in the interests of the cause; (5) skilled in

Communist strategy; and (6) adept in the use of deception, chicanery, all sorts of stratagems, illegal methods, evasions and subterfuges in order to carry on work among Negroes.

All the above-mentioned, Soviet-trained Negro Reds and others have served on or directly under the supervision and authority of the Negro Commission. It is not a policy-making body. It plans, organizes, directs, checks and supervises the execution of policy brewed in Moscow.

In 1930, immediately after the Communist International ordered American Reds to prepare, organize and lead the Negroes in a national rebellion against the Government of the United States, the Moscow-trained Negro Reds and their white "comrades" called a national conference in St. Louis. At this conference, the League of Struggle for Negro Rights was formed. Langston Hughes, Negro poet, was elected president. James W. Ford, national leader of the Communist Party, was elected vice-president. Listed among its other leaders were such outstanding Negro Reds as Otto Hall, Harry Haywood, Richard B. Moore, William Patterson, Maude White Katz, Otto Huiswood, Louise Thompson, and Henry Shepherd.

The Manifesto and program that the League issued later was based on the new Soviet policy of Negro rebellion to attain "national liberation." This new "front" was en-

visioned as the vehicle that would carry out the new line.

IN THE SPRING of 1931, the Reds organized the Sharecroppers Union. A number of branches sprang up in the Black Belt in the years that followed. This was hailed as the practical beginning in getting the Negro sharecroppers together in preparation for execution of Moscow's new line. The Red carpetbaggers who were sent to the South to do the job succeeded in inciting acts of violence that resulted in a number of Negroes being killed, wounded or arrested. Most outstanding was the bloody violence in Tallapoosa and Lee Counties in Alabama.

Earl Browder, former national secretary of the Communist Party, reported, while in Moscow, on the struggles of the Negro sharecroppers in Camp Hill, Alabama. He stated boastfully: "This battle was the first struggle directly resulting from our penetration of the Black Belt, of the agrarian population. It brought out the basic question of the Negroes as a nation, the question of the land and land tenure, the question of the agrarian revolution. . . . While Camp Hill was only a struggle for certain partial demands . . . it threw a bright light upon the basic problem of the land . . . a political milestone in the development of our Negro work."

About the same time, the unfortunate Scottsboro Case blazed across the nation's newspapers. The arrest

of the nine Negro boys for alleged rape of two white girls stirred the Negro populace and created an ideal situation for Red propaganda.

Reacting swiftly, the Reds pushed the N.A.A.C.P. out of the case, thereby getting exclusive right to represent the boys. Once in the driver's seat, they used the case to reach millions of Negroes with their program. Every effort was made to use the case to inscribe deep in the heart of the Negro a hatred against the social system and the Government and prepare them mentally for national rebellion.

FORTUNATELY the tens of thousands of Negroes who flocked to Communist-sponsored rallies did so out of sympathy for the boys and in the interest of justice. They were not interested in any subversive movement against the Government and consequently they turned a deaf ear to the "liberation program."

Unfortunately, the Reds were able to create considerable favorable sentiment and spread the illusion that the Communist Party is the champion of Negro rights. However, they were not able to transform this into solid and substantial organization.

One of the chief obstacles to the success of the Reds was the bitter opposition of Negro leaders in religious, fraternal, social, civic and other organizations, and consequently these leaders were subjected to the worst kind of propaganda at-

tack. They were called "Uncle Tom's," "tools of the lynchers," "tools of Wall Street and the Southern bourbons," "enemies of the Negro masses," "boot lickers," and other scurrilous names.

In 1935, such attacks on the Negro leaders ceased under orders from Moscow. The new line extended the hand of friendship and displayed an attitude of willingness to cooperate with the leaders. This did not mean a change in the Red's estimate of these leaders but a deceptive approach in order to use these leaders to reach the masses through infiltration of their organizations. This new line was based upon the strategy of the Trojan Horse, adopted at the 7th World Congress of the Communist International in Moscow.

James W. Ford at the time was a member of the National Committee, member of the Political Bureau, and head of the Negro Commission. He was the darling of the white leaders because he could be depended upon to enforce discipline among the Negro comrades. The Negro comrades looked upon him as an Uncle Tom of their own, and the political hatchet-man of Earl Browder. Once he heatedly shouted: "The Party knows what's best for the Negroes. The tail does not wag the dog."

As top dog among Negro comrades, he was selected to put over the new line of developing a "people's front among Negroes." Through Dr. Ralph Bunche, his associates at Howard University and John P.

Davis, secretary of the Joint Committee on National Recovery, a national conference was called at Howard University where this top Soviet project was launched. Out of it came the call for a National Negro Congress in Chicago in February, 1936. Among those signing the Call were such well-known Negro Reds as James W. Ford, Louise Thompson, Emmett May, Benjamin Davis, Jr., James Ashford, George B. Murphy, Jr., Harry Haywood, Edward E. Strong, Benjamin De Witt Amis, Frank Griffin, and Thomas Nabried, to mention a few.

THE CONGRESS was a huge success. James W. Ford was elected to the National Committee along with Dr. Ralph Bunche. John P. Davis was elected National Secretary. "Comrade" delegates introduced prepared resolutions carrying the Party line. Here and there they did make some concessions to Negro business representatives and the clergymen for the sake of unity to attain their bigger objectives.

These were clearly stated by Ford: "We Communists were never doubtful about the . . . outcome of the National Negro Congress. The N.N.C. recorded progress made by the Communists and the many delegates who supported *our* program, in the increasing *work we are carrying on in the various organizations of the Negro people.*"

Earl Browder, writing in the *Communist* magazine (December, 1935),

stated: "Some people think because we do not insist that the issue of the right to self-determination be adopted now by the Negro Congress, our Party is abandoning its revolutionary demand . . . in the Black Belt of the South. Nothing is further from the truth. . . . Our task is to join with them in the organization for their immediate struggle which will make possible the realization of the right of the Negro masses in the Black Belt to self-determination."

Except for a short period during World War II when Soviet Russia posed as our ally in order to save her hide, the Communists have never ceased their effort to stir up Negro rebellion and civil war. Ever since the end of the war, they have tried to sell this program, but without success.

Though the League of Struggle for Negro Rights and the National Negro Congress have gone out of existence like so many other Communist fronts, the mill of conspiracy continues to grind out new fronts to attract and subvert the unwary, unsuspecting and naïve. Latest of these is the National Negro Labor Council formed a few years ago. Already these councils function in a number of key industrial cities. The purposes of these councils are:

(1) to use Negroes to infiltrate and gain control of labor unions;

(2) to strengthen the Communists' position among Negro trade unionists by posing as fighters

against discrimination in industry;

(3) to use the Negro in support of the Party machine in the unions under Party control;

(4) to infiltrate important or key industries under the guise of seeking employment for Negroes; and

(5) to ideologically prepare Negroes for acceptance of Party leadership.

SINCE the Government began to crack down on the Reds, a number of Negro comrades have found themselves in the clutches of the law. Jim Jackson and Henry Winston are at liberty because they fled into the underground before the F.B.I. could nab them. Jailing the Negro quislings is a serious matter for the Party. It is a dangerous threat to a leadership that required years to build, and consequently a "fight back" movement on strictly race lines has been started. In the form of "An Appeal in Defense of Negro Leadership," the impression is given that the Government is attacking Negro leaders as such. As usual, a list of doctors, lawyers, educators, ministers, and other eggheads serve as window dressing for this appeal.

The list of so-called Negro leaders "attacked" reads like a "who's who" in the Communist conspiracy. Six of them have been convicted or indicted under the Smith Act. Two are fugitives sought by the F.B.I. since 1951. The others are working for the conspiracy with impunity.

These quislings have never been accepted as leaders of the American Negro. The overwhelming majority of Negroes are opposed to them and everything they advocate. It is an arrogant Communist lie to say that they are the leaders of the American Negro. Any attempt to associate the historically developed and respected leadership of the Negro with Red carpetbaggers is shamefully misleading to say the least. This trick to use race as an excuse or cover for treason is doomed to failure. Paul Robeson found that out and so will others.

The arrest and conviction of a few Negro professional revolutionists is only a drop in the bucket. There are a number of others in hiding, operating in the underground, in trade unions, religious, civil rights, fraternal, and other organizations. They are a part of the hard core. They are steeled, disciplined, loyal and willing to make any sacrifice to advance the cause of Communism. They, together with a host of sympathizers and fellow travelers, are seeking to bring American Negroes under the authoritarian and hierarchical control of Moscow.

Today the Party's work among Negroes is one of its most important activities. Any underestimation of its importance in the national and global struggle against the diabolical scourge of Communism is disastrous. The color of skin must not be license to treat and handle with kid gloves the enemies of our great Republic.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The Night the

HOME BREW



Blew Up

BY LOUIS SCHMALKE

YOU can always tell an old *heim-gemacht* man, one of the genuine pre-Repeal stalwarts. Though it is now many years since the people sprung the bung on Prohibition, your true veteran of the cellar vats never fails to eye with suspicion the bottom of every bottle of factory beer he drinks.

It is purely a reflex action. He looks from habit for the yeast residue that in good old homebrew often gathered half an inch thick on the bottom. A greedy guzzler sometimes stomached a shot of this unawares, and usually regretted it audibly. This was a *faux pas*, and the mark of a novice.

The other day, when I was rummaging around below-stairs at the old homestead, I came upon a venerable bottle capper, rusty and forlorn, and I remembered the last time I had used it — the time the homebrew blew up. . . .

I was just getting around on my shaky pins as a diapered shaver when, as my father says (bitterly

still) they betrayed the boys in uniform and shoved the Volstead Act through before the khaki-clad hordes could come home to vote. I don't know exactly when homebrew came to our house, but I do remember standing on my tiptoes at the sink in the evening, not even high enough to look over the edge, yet begging like a puppy for my libation of the fermented malt.

My father, a giant in baggy pants, would bring the quart bottle out of the icebox. He would reach for the opener. He needed only to touch the cap — the beer seemed to erupt from the bottle of its own force, as the foam mounted in a creamy fountain six inches high.

There were 10 kids, most of them far below the age of consent, ranging downward, I would say, to about two years old. We all loved homebrew. Cold and sweet and stingy to the nose, it was wonderful to quaff deeply and not let go until the parental hand pulled away the glass. Most times Pop opened another

bottle for himself — we had killed the first one dead.

It must have been early in the '20's when my father, accompanied by his mentor, went down the cellar for his first try as *braumeister*. From somewhere he had bought or scrounged a ten-gallon crock. He had bought a bottle capper, a box of bottle caps, a rubber hose with a clamp on the end, a couple of No. 2½ cans of malt, sugar and yeast. With this equipment and some quart soda bottles and pint ketchup bottles, Pop was in business.

tightly all around each window. It was a complete blackout, years ahead of bombing blitzes, and it added drama that put an extra tang into every batch of brew fermented in such high secrecy.

When the malt was poured out of the cans into the old wash-boiler for heating, the labels were stripped from the cans and burned in the furnace. Then the cans were cleansed again and again under the water tap before they were finally tossed into the trash basket.

After the brew was mixed and



As my father and his instructor put down their paraphernalia on my mother's laundry table, they grew cautious. I don't know if it was the atmosphere of the time or what, but they seemed to talk out of the sides of their mouths, and their movements were definitely furtive. Crouched under the laundry bench, I trembled with excitement, and so did all of my brothers and sisters gathered 'round.

First the men took copies of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and the old *St. Louis Times* and tacked them

muddled with a large wooden paddle, it was ready to set. We always hung over the side of the crock to smell the malt; it seemed to us that the beer was already there. But Pop said, "It's got to work."

It took three days, as I remember, for the brew to set and work and ferment and transform itself into the vigorous, mellow, tawny brew which old-timers called *heimgemacht*. It was a good word, this *heimgemacht*.

My father could never have overlooked the time for bottling. At supper, around the long table in the

dining room, there would be many eager eyes watching Pop. When no word came from him, one of us would sing out, "Time to bottle the homebrew tonight, Pop!"

"*Ach, ja,*" my father would say, grinning.

And he would rise from the table and descend the creaking, well-worn cellar stairs, with his troupe behind him. The crock, giver of all good things, sat there squat and loaded, its handmade wooden cover on top. Pop would take off the cover, peer into the mysterious depths of the brew, and pronounce it ready.

Meanwhile we were washing bottles in the laundry tubs. Then the bottles were filled to about an inch of the top, and the production line started. Pop must often have viewed with satisfaction his large brood busy at the bottling, handing the full bottles out from the tub, handing the next cap to the capper, plunging down on the capper handle and sealing another bottle of glorious pleasure, then carrying the bottle off to the cabinet where it would set until ready for ingestion.

HOWEVER, despite such experience, I was the guy that blew up the homebrew that shattered our paradise, that ruined a good thing. My mother, while in no sense a prude, had always opposed this fury of homebrewing. Though the rule in my home, loosely enforced, was that no child under two could drink homebrew, we did see other parents

who let small Dutchmen of less than a year wet their button noses in the pail, and I believe my mother felt this practice pretty close to sin.

It was in the early '30's when the homebrew blew up, almost in our faces. My chance to do the bottling all by myself finally came. My father had set the batch, and then a friend called up for a hunting trip. The trip would take several days. Pop wanted to go very badly, but there was the batch brewing away, and ready for bottling that night.

"Let me bottle it!" I begged. "I can do it. I've done it lots of times with you — I can do it by myself."

So he agreed, slipped on his hunting jacket, and took off with his shotgun, leaving me for the first time as sole superintendent of the crock. After supper I sneaked down to the cellar alone. After I had readied the bottles, I took the wooden top off the crock. The top was brown and stained with malted age, and beaded with fine droplets of the sweating brew. I slipped the tube down into the crock, and sucked on the end. The almost-beer gushed forth. Then I began to bottle.

It had always irritated me that Pop would fill each bottle only to within an inch or so of the top. I took this to be a lack of courage, a failure of finesse in filling, and since mine, I was sure, was the steadier hand, I filled them all to the very top, and a good job it was, too. Then I capped them.

Pop was gone hunting, and the family, somewhat chastened without the man of the house present, had gathered around the tremendous dining room table to draw courage from companionship. So we sat and talked until a terrific explosion rocked the floorboards. We were stricken dumb with terror. My hair rose on my head. Then another explosion, and another concussion, followed by the tinkling sound of much glass falling.

"It's the homebrew!" said my mother. They all looked at me accusingly.

"I filled the bottles to the top," I said defiantly.

Another boom rent the air, and we heard the cabinet door swing open from the force of the explosion. Glass fell again. They all looked at me, all ten of them. I walked slowly to the cellar door, opened it, and began to walk down the stairs. Most of the beer was in a cabinet, but a dozen bottles or so which wouldn't fit in were on an open shelf, and now one of these, a fat quart by the sound of it, blasted me into scurrying back.

"Never mind," said my mother as another bottle blew up, "your father will be back tomorrow, and I'll speak to him about it then."

That was just what I was thinking,

too. We all went to bed upstairs a little later. The next day my father came home. At the risk of our lives, he and I went down to the cellar and viewed the remains.

Pop looked at me sadly. There were real tears in his eyes. "Ach," he said.

Some of the bottles held up under the strain of the expanding brew ("never fill a homebrew bottle all the way full," my father said, too late) and these we carried to the icebox.

Pop nursed them along, charming as he had never been before. Dejection stared us in the face. The air was redolent of splattered homebrew malt for weeks, and all of this was the last batch of homebrew. "The woman" would ever let us make

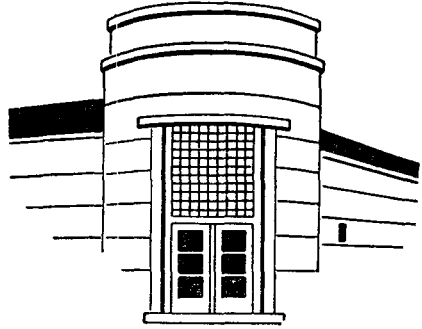
We were on our last half-dozen bottles when it came — the emancipation proclamation for lovers of the brew. A month or so later, the new factory beer arrived on the store shelves, and we first tested it at Uncle Otto's house.

"Schmeck's gut," said Pop. "Schmeck's gut," I said. Thus we said goodbye to an era.

But to this day Pop never drinks a factory bottle without cocking a suspicious eye at the bottom of the bottle. And neither do I. You can always tell an old homebrew man by that.



By
VIRGINIA
ROLLER
BATDORFF



BIG Business' Little Brother

THERE was a time — only a few months ago — when half of our colleges and universities feared they would have to do more than teach courses in bankruptcy. They were afraid they would practice it, too.

Today, however, they are making ready to toss out their four-year-old bottles of red ink and order some black. And for this happy switch in their finances they are thanking none other than corporate business which has picked them up, shaken them off, and is helping put them on their financial feet again.

Money troubles which have always plagued our colleges and universities to some degree really began in earnest about fifteen years ago. It was then that the large endowments, which many had been accustomed to receiving from America's "robber-barons" — the men who made fortunes, lost them, and over-

night made them again — evaporated. The death blow, however, came when the last of the G.I.'s shook hands with college presidents and filed across the commencement stages with their sheepskins in one hand and 50 per cent of the schools' operating income in the other. Inflation took care of the rest of the colleges' money.

In more than a thousand serene-looking administration buildings across the land, not-so-serene college presidents and university administrators racked their brains to conjure up a way to get hold of the minimum \$250 million a year they figured would keep them in business.

By early 1951 they came up with two of the brightest ideas they ever had. First, they decided that in order to get hold of any sizable chunks of money, they would have to banish their old school rivalry and adopt a

new philosophy of "either we hang together or we hang separately." Thus dedicated, they collectively cast covetous eyes toward the only manipulator of huge sums of money in the United States outside of the government — corporate business operating under a tax structure permitting it to give 5 per cent of its net income to philanthropy.

One of the colleges' first attempts to get money from business under their "hang together" policy was made in New England. There, in December, 1951, twenty-three liberal arts schools formed the New England College Fund, Inc. The schools bet heavily on the odds that business would rather help them out of their financial jam than let government do it. They were right. The Fund collects systematically from business, splitting the take with the member schools according to their size.

Collective asking, proven a successful venture in one region, soon spread to other sections of the country. This year more than 30 college funds are operating in the United States either on a local or regional basis. In 18 states, college presidents have banded together to make joint appeals for financial aid from business.

DESPITE their new aggressive techniques of collective asking, however, until this year the colleges have been able to syphon off only about \$50 million a year from in-

dustry's yearly total income of \$45 billion.

There are two important reasons for this. One is that business, basically designed to make money, was psychologically incapable of suddenly reversing its procedure and giving it away. The other reason was corporate business' long-smoldering suspicions of our colleges and universities.

When asked for money for liberal education (industry has helped support scientific research in our colleges for years) business hedged. Where, oh where, it asked the schools, have been the great classroom champions of free enterprise? And business proceeded to cite its grievances: the soft brand of socialism being taught in some classrooms, the intellectual support of ruinous income and inheritance taxes, and the sleepy nodding of professorial heads in the presence of an expanding Federal Government. Embarrassing accusations, indeed, for many a college and university. To be faced with them dampened not only the money-soliciting enthusiasm of guilty colleges, but many an innocent school as well.

This, however, was not the last of industry's list of grudges against higher education. Corporate business had not yet forgotten that in the 1940's about one-fourth of our colleges and universities took advantage of a loop-hole in the tax law declaring that institutions of higher learning were tax exempt because

they provided education. Even today these schools stoically pretend that what happened never happened.

By 1949, 455 school administrators had become bankers, industrialists and real estate brokers sharing \$150 million a year in tax-free profits.

The schools, many of them previously scraping the bottom of the financial barrel, suddenly turned into influential owners of motion picture theaters, haberdasheries, citrus groves, hydro-electric plants, macaroni and spaghetti factories, airports, street-car companies, hotels and manufacturing plants for table china, medicine and piston rings.

ALL THIS was managed by two devices, which still makes business shudder at its narrow escape. A few schools wealthy enough to do it simply bought a business outright, reaping its profits without the inconvenience of paying taxes which an ordinary businessman would have to pay. The other device, popular with poorer institutions, was to operate a sale and lease-back business on borrowed money. Sale and lease-back was a system whereby a business sold its capital plant to a college or university and then leased back from the new owner the use of the property. Thus, for the schools, the accrued profits were tax free.

Industry accused the universities and colleges of practicing the very

evil which, they pointed out, the law departments of the same schools were teaching their students to beware of — unfair competition. Visualizing that in only a matter of years all business would come under higher education, industry took its fight to Washington. There the hostilities ceased when two provisions were included in the Revenue Act of 1950 to stop the practice.

In 1951, when the colleges and universities began to develop collective asking, they also began to develop other resources to make money. They expanded their alumni associations to bring in more gifts, denominational colleges asked for larger contributions from their churches, and community colleges and state universities beat their drums for tax increases. All of them were forced to raise student tuition fees, always with an eye on what the college next door was charging.

During the past three years, however, when colleges were making every honest effort to get a buck here and a buck there, business still hung back demurely from any large scale financial entanglement with our schools.

In 1952, a few large corporations began to show signs of interest. Among them, Standard Oil of Ohio concluded that since corporations cannot operate "except in a stable environment" and since liberal education helps provide this stability, corporation giving to such education is logical.

Many businesses, though willing to view liberal education as vital to our national stability, intimated that American college students had not been getting much liberal education to date that they could see. So some striking changes have been made by many colleges and universities in order to achieve a better balance between liberal and vocational education.

ONE outstanding cooperative effort came about last February, when Wesleyan University in Bloomington, Illinois, and St. Mary's College in Winona, Minnesota, combined with the Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, in offering a combined educational program in liberal arts and engineering. Students attend Illinois Wesleyan, St. Mary's or one of the other seventeen co-operating schools for three years, then spend two years at the Illinois Institute. After five years they receive a Bachelor of Arts degree from their former school and a Bachelor of Science degree in engineering from the Institute.

Another example of the new emphasis on liberal arts training is the University of Detroit, which in April announced that it now requires its engineering students to take 25 per cent of their program in the liberal arts.

In March of this year, the National Association of Manufacturers

put its stamp of approval on higher education when it issued a 31-page report which was two years in the making by the Association's education committee. The report listed the areas in which industry and education have ironed out their differences. Among these areas are such controversial issues as academic freedom, legislative investigation, the loyalty of teachers and Federal aid.

As a result of these agreements, industry and education simultaneously have announced that they were also agreed on one more point — that business must “exercise leadership in finding the ways to provide this support (financial aid to colleges) now and for many years to come.”

Our college administrators are beginning to breathe easier now that their long-hoped-for bond of friendship with business has finally been sealed. Perhaps, now, with the promised easing of their immediate and future financial burden, the schools can quit the habit they acquired in the 1940's when they were so desperate for money — the habit of recruiting students by trying to sell education as if it were patent medicine and life insurance.

Perhaps, now, they will be able to return to their old original ideas of what education means; that learning is not a means to an end but is the end itself.



Still Tolls the BELL

By Humphry Bullock

THE Grand Trunk Road slashes northwestward right across India and Pakistan, from Howrah Bridge over the muddy Hooghly to grim Landi Kotal watching the head of the Khyber Pass. You will find a panorama of its rich color and teeming movement in the old days from the pen of a master in *Kim*. Three quarters of a century later, the great highway still carries traffic that epitomizes the East, both old and new. Great trucks give way to swaying elephants and slow, groaning camel-carts all along its middle stretches; and bulldozers, bound for ambitious jungle-reclamation projects, thunder past quietly plodding pilgrims and saffron-robed ascetics.

On its long passage, the Grand Trunk Road traverses famous cities: Benares of the sacred ghats, the fifteen ancient capitals of Delhi, and Lahore with Mogul fortress and mosque. But of all the landmarks that the traveler encounters on his kaleidoscopic journey across the sub-continent, the least expected is a church tower — with no church attached — a mile or two beyond Karnal in the Punjab. And behind the solitary church tower lies a tale.

When the British first came to the district in the early years of the last century, they set up a large garrison of white troops and sepoys at Karnal, and for thirty years the town was gay with scarlet coats and the sound of trumpets. But the cutting of an irrigation canal disturbed the natural drainage of the land, and Karnal was stricken with deadly malaria. Soldiers fell sick and died in hundreds, as three large graveyards packed with tombs bear witness, so in 1843 it was resolved to abandon the cantonment altogether and shift the troops to a healthier site fifty miles to the north.

The soldiers marched away and left the barracks empty. The nave of St. James's Church was pulled down and more than a dozen marble memorial tablets moved to the ground floor of the tower, where today they pay tribute to long-dead officers of the Queen's and the Honourable East India Company's armies, their wives and little children. The tall tower was not demolished. It had been built only six or seven years before and served as a notable landmark as well as an appropriate monument to those of the

old garrison who had worshipped there or found a last resting-place beside it. Beside this relic of Karnal's departed glories passes the Grand Trunk Road.

THAT is the historical setting. In modern times, St. James's Tower has caught the notice of innumerable passersby, and many a motorist has stopped beside it for wayside refreshment under the shade of the fine avenue of trees bordering the road. I have passed it myself many times, and more than once stopped to inspect the old monuments.

I was there in 1936, and copied the inscriptions, and I had another look at them on my last visit to Karnal on March 4, 1949. A few days later at a New Delhi dinner party a friend told me, quite casually, that an odd thing happened to her at this spot on February 12th. She then related the following story, and later put it in writing at my request.

She had been along the road past Karnal once before, in 1947, motor-ing with her husband up to the Hills; and they had halted the car momentarily in the moonlight. Her memory retained only a picture of the old graveyard — "a deserted sort of place" — not the tower, and she knew nothing of local history. In 1949, they set out again for the Hills, leaving Delhi in the early morning and planning to stop at

Karnal, have breakfast by the roadside, and spend a little time exploring the graveyard. A thunderstorm moved ahead of them as they sped northwards, and just before they reached Karnal they caught up with it. The rest may be told in Elizabeth's words.

"Through the storm ahead I suddenly glimpsed a tower through the trees lining the roadside. The rain was pouring down in torrents, with thunder and lightning. A minute later we pulled up . . . immediately opposite the tower. As the car slid to a standstill, I quite clearly thought I heard two or three strokes of a bell in the tower. I exclaimed, "Oh! Listen!" while I leaned across my husband to peer up at the tower, only to find to my astonishment that the belfry was quite ruined and empty.

"John said 'Imagination!' or words to that effect; but we talked about it for some minutes while we sat in the car eating our breakfast, as the storm passed over. I knew nothing of Karnal at the time and still don't know if there was ever a bell, or how the main body of the church fell into ruin."

There was no bell in the church tower, as I thought and as I then confirmed from the clergyman at Karnal. It seems to have been moved in 1843 to the new church at Ambala, the cantonment built to replace Karnal.



The Ballet Genius Who Went Mad

BY DICK HARVEST

THE THEATER was packed and to the ecstatic acclaim of the audience, the young dancer had just leapt the whole length of the stage and through a window without touching the ground. Nijinsky had danced his most famous ballet, "Spectre of the Rose."

The wildly applauding crowd didn't know, however, that four men waited backstage to catch him at the end of his wonderful leap. Neither was it aware that he had to be revived with a wet towel and had to receive heart massage every time he performed this amazing feat.

It was enough that adoring fans scrambled for the petals from his costume as souvenirs. So many of these were snatched up at each performance by the young star's admirers that he required a new costume every few days. In fact, it is said that one attendant was able to build a house with the money he



received from the secret sale of the tiny pieces of Nijinsky's ballet costumes.

Of all his admirers, only Romola de Pulskey sighed. She was desperately in love with the young dancer. The lovely young Hungarian girl had fallen in love with the rising ballet star almost the first time she had seen him. Nijinsky, however, intent on becoming the greatest dancer of all time, never seemed to notice her.

So wonderful was he on the stage that the great Pavlova fainted in a temper when she realized that the

nimble-footed young man was getting more of the world's applause than she was.

Yet Vaslav Nijinsky was shy and retiring. He had been backward as a boy and never completely managed to overcome his shyness. At school the other children mocked his accent and poked fun at his ways.

When he began dancing, his classmates soaped the floor and then dared him to take one of his high jumps. Nijinsky accepted the challenge and hurt himself when he fell. Yet he suffered in silence.

Time soon brought perfection to his rare talent. Thousands now sat breathlessly every night as he performed his spectacular feats.

And always, standing in the wings was the wistful-looking young Romola. So infatuated had she been that she had joined the same ballet company just to be near him. How many, many times had she been introduced to him only to have him completely fail to remember her?

Then one day, without warning, his attitude towards her completely changed. Excitedly, he called a friend and begged him to tell Romola he wanted to marry her. Poor Vaslav was too shy to propose himself.

She accepted, and they were married soon after. The marriage so incensed Diaghileff, the rich patron behind the ballet company, that he fired Nijinsky.

But tragedy was to haunt the young lovers.

AT REHEARSALS, all sorts of unexplained things happened to him. On one occasion a huge piece of timber crashed down onto the stage — just missing his head. Another time a huge glass reflector smashed to pieces on the stage after falling onto the spot he had left a moment before.

Nijinsky believed that someone was trying to kill him. In fear and trembling, he locked himself in his room and refused to come out. Only after the company entreated the dancer to come on stage did he eventually do so.

By this time, the sure signs of mental strain were apparent. It was soon to become evident that Nijinsky's mind was becoming clouded.

One day he set out to walk through the village of St. Moritz. He carried a huge golden cross and called upon the people to pray. Soon afterwards at a fashionable hotel, he laid down a huge cross of velvet and, after announcing his intentions to the startled guests, began then and there to dance.

Within days of this — at the very height of his fame — the great Nijinsky was declared incurably insane. He was not yet thirty years old.

Although efforts were made from time to time to set his wonderful feet dancing again, he never recovered his old powers.

There was no one quite like Nijinsky. It is unlikely that there ever will be.

THE

BY REX HORTON

RED

TORCHBEARERS

IT IS ALWAYS open season on the former Communist, for the smear rates high on the Red agenda. And it has an ancient and dishonorable tradition.

Ben Gitlow, Louis F. Budenz, Whittaker Chambers, Elizabeth Bentley, and John Lautner are but a few who have been targets for the Reds and their willing apprentices.

Eleanor Roosevelt, the Alsops, Elmer Davis, Edward R. Murrow, Drew Pearson, Bishop Oxnham, and a host of others who should know better, seem to have a positive affinity for picking up the Red torch. So many of their past associates have been revealed as members of the Communist *apparatus* and their own thinking is so larded with the Popular Front Marxology of the Red Thirties, that they hate the former Communist who draws aside the

veil, reveals the ugly truth, and exposes the so-called "liberal anti-Fascism" of that era for what it really was — a tactic of the Kremlin.

In some cases, of course, there may be more sinister reasons . . .

Karl Marx and the First Red Smear

The original Communist Party, formed before the Manifesto was issued, consisted of seventeen German émigrés. Fifteen of them were writers, two were printers — *and only three of the seventeen were of "proletarian origin!"*

Shortly after joining the Communist Party, Hermann Kriege, a minor German journalist, set sail for the United States. There was great rejoicing in Brussels, for Kriege had agreed to spread the Red Word in the New World. But Hermann Kriege is famous today not for being

the founder of the American Communist Party, but for becoming the first victim of the first Red smear.

It wasn't long after Kriege landed in New York that he established a German language newspaper called *The People's Tribune* whose purpose it was to convert other German immigrants to the Communist credo.

Proudly, Hermann Kriege mailed the first issues of the *Tribune* to Karl Marx. Patiently, he waited for the pat on the back that would reward his efforts. But the pat on the back never came. Instead, Karl Marx buried the hatchet there — for, no sooner had the burly Prussian read the journalist's effusions, than he decided that eager Kriege “seriously compromises the Communist Party, both in Europe and America.”

Forthwith, Marx gathered together his fellow conspirators and denounced the little editor! The comrades looked at one another with amazement — such vilification should surely be reserved only for the enemies of the people! With a lordly air, Marx opened his bulky brief case and extracted from it a Bill of Particulars. It mattered not that Kriege wasn't present to “face his accusers” or even to invoke the Fifth Amendment — so far as the Red High Priest was concerned, Kriege was guilty.

THE CHARGES? The Red Torch-bearers of today with their bulging wallets and uneasy consciences had their counterparts even then, for

Marx' first charge was that Kriege had gone to wealthy German businessmen and secured from them the money with which to establish the Communist newspaper whose sole purpose it was to destroy their wealth, comfort, and peace of mind — if not their lives!

Marx thundered that he wouldn't stomach such “class collaboration” even though his own bills were being paid by Friedrich Engels, the son of a multi-millionaire “exploiter,” who would continue to lift the tab until the day Marx died!

Charge Two. Kriege had suggested in an editorial that the Government of the United States divide the farmlands of America into small parcels and distribute them among the landless.

This, according to Marx, subverted true Marxism for, if the plan succeeded, the landless would become property owners and capitalists! Then Marx tossed aside the deviations and came down to the heresy.

Kriege, Marx said, was guilty of “*sloppy sentimentality!*”

Kriege, Marx said, had introduced into the first issue of his newspaper no less than thirty-five references to such bourgeois concepts as “love,” “humanity,” and “morality.”

Kriege, Marx said, was guilty of the crime of “*emotional communism!*”

The penalty demanded by the Red Prussian leader? Expulsion from the Communist Party!

Only seven comrades had come

to the meeting and they pleaded for moderation and forbearance. But Karl Marx was adamant. The others, he bellowed, must fall into line. Meekly, six of them voted "Ja."

The seventh, Wilhelm Weitling, an ex-tailor and one of the three proletarians in the Communist Party, refused to sign the purge edict. Angrily, he defended the absent Kriege. As a leading socialist before the twenty-eight-year-old Marx had even heard the word, Weitling warned the comrades of the consequences. Prophetically, he said that if they could expell Kriege on such flimsy stuff, none of them would be safe. He, Weitling, one of Europe's most famous working-class heroes, might become the next "emotional communist!"

While Weitling paused for breath, Marx seized the floor. Triumphant, he sprung the trap he had baited for his famous rival — he placed Weitling's own expulsion upon the agenda!

Getting rid of Kriege, Marx discovered, was one thing — dumping Weitling was another, for he had powerful allies and Moses Hess, the poet, was one of them. Gentle Hess tore into Marx for his attack upon Weitling, and Marx snarled that the ex-tailor had lost touch with life; that the theoretical development of their philosophy had left Weitling far behind; that he, Karl Marx, was the seer. (*Stalin used the identical line nearly a hundred years later!*)

Thereupon, Karl Marx placed the

expulsion of Moses Hess upon the agenda — less than three years after Hess had first introduced him to the idea of Communism!

ENGELS had moved to Paris and there he spread the word that Weitling was a "reactionary." Marx quickly topped his partner-in-revolution with the accusation that Weitling was a literary crook. Engels made the lie his own and soon wrote to Marx: "All the workers here [now] believe that Weitling did not write his books alone." Then, using the Red Torchbearers, Engels sent the story out that the *real* authors of the books that had brought Weitling working-class fame were a dead Russian and a couple of unnamed Frenchmen!

But the smear-artists and their allies were not yet finished. One day Engels came face to face with Hess in public and he gave the Red Torchbearers a lesson in Communist manners. Gleeefully, he wrote to Marx: "I treated him so coldly and so scornfully that he will never want to see me again. . . ."

Having set the stage, Engels cast about for something that would destroy his self-inflicted enemy forever. He needed the sort of smear that is picked up so religiously today by the Red Torchbearers — the sort of smutty smear Senator Flanders used against Roy Cohn and David Schine. Finding none, he complacently manufactured one to his liking (even as Flanders did) and on

January 15, 1847, Engels wrote to Marx that the job was done — *he had circulated the rumor that Hess was afflicted with gonorrhea and that Hess' wife was nothing but a common slut!*

The Smear Today

What happens when a Communist works with the Party, goes to the FBI, testifies before a Congressional committee?

As Dr. Bella Dodd testified recently before a Senate committee: "The first time I testified I was deluged with postcards and telephone calls and all of them had the word 'informer,' 'thirty pieces of silver,' 'Judas' and I must have gotten 1,000 postcards and telephone calls. It takes a strong personality to withstand it."

The former Red finds it tough to make a living. He finds it more difficult than does the former convict! The columnists question his motives and integrity and spotlight his whereabouts; the concealed comrades bring pressure upon his employer; the Department of Justice beats a path to his door to secure further information. He is subpoenaed again and again by the Congress; by the Immigration Service; consulted by Army and Navy Intelligence. Sometimes he loses his job because he is away from it too much. If he has been in the upper ranks of the conspiracy, it may be more convenient for him to go on the government payroll as an expert consultant.

Immediately, he is a "canary" and a "police spy" according to the Party press and, three days later, a "liar," a "paid informer," and a "Getapo agent" in the "liberal" columns!

Or the Red Torchbearers demand that the Congress investigate the "informers." One such Red-inspired letter called the use of ex-Communists before Congressional committees "a blot on justice in our land." The letter, published gleefully in the *National Guardian*, whose editor, Cedric Belfrage, has a special axe to grind since he is a Fifth Amendment Communist, says: "From the day of Judas, all nations and all faiths have stigmatized informers. . . ."

The signers of this canard include as choice a collection of hemophiliac politicians, college professors, ministers, judges, educators, and professional fellow travelers as it is possible to corral — and the daily press dutifully reported the news — and the smear.

One may wonder whether all of these Torchbearers really want to fight Communism? A glance at the roster of signators brings a knowing smile to the lips of any informed anti-Communist!

The Case of John L. Leech

In 1939, a former Communist, John L. Leech, once organizer for Los Angeles County, testified against Harry Bridges. For answering the subpoena and telling the truth under oath as he knew it, Leech was

smearred on two fronts; by Dean James M. Landis of the Harvard Law School, who presided at the hearings (and had Eleanor Roosevelt's ear); and by the CIO trade unions with which the Bridges machine was then affiliated.

Leech was employed at that time by the Public Docks Commission of the City of Portland, Oregon, which received a letter dated November 8, 1939, from the Portland Industrial Union Council (CIO) which reads in part:

To employ a man who so boldly advertises his enmity to the labor movement is an insult to the workers of this city. In the interest of peace and good will on the waterfront, we respectfully urge that the employment of Leech be terminated. . . ."

Note the thinly-veiled threat of strikes and violence unless Leech was fired for doing his duty! Note that cooperation with the Department of Justice is hailed as "enmity to the labor movement!"

Did the "liberals" speak up in defense of Leech and "the right to work" or did they join the jackal pack and force Leech from his job? The questions, I assure you, are rhetorical!

But when the radio and television networks or the motion picture studios fire an identified Red, the Red Torchbearers charge in and scream "Blacklist!" And when some college or church dispenses with the services of a teacher or minister for proven connections with the Red underground, these same "liberals" shout

that "academic freedom" and "freedom of worship" are imperiled!

When an enemy of the nation like Paul Robeson is denied a passport, the Cominform issues orders and hundreds of thousands of signatures from all over the world are rushed to our State Department and the "liberals" wonder out loud how a "mere entertainer" can damage the peace and security of the United States!

When an Ex-Communist Testifies

It is not easy for an ex-Red to testify against his former comrades. The witness has broken bread with them, played with their children, shared their hopes and dreams. It is not easy to mount the stand and point the finger. It is not easy to sit there day after endless day and face a battery of high-powered, smear-trained Communist lawyers who are not interested so much in freeing their client as in destroying the witness for future use by the Government.

It is not easy to be called upon to search one's memory for an event that transpired a decade or more ago and to be asked the most minute details of it — including the color of the walls of the room where the meeting took place and the color of the clothing worn by the accused — when most of us cannot recall similar details of a month before.

This searchingly-tricky cross-examination is gone into in an effort to impeach the witness, to "test his

veracity," and certain contradictions are bound to occur — to be leaped upon with joy by the Red Torchbearers like the Alsops.

Fortunately for the security of the nation, most judges know more about testimony than the Alsops. These learned magistrates look with suspicion upon the letter-perfect witness, the witness who never deviates a jot or a tittle from what he has previously said.

We Need the Ex-Communist

There are only three ways for the authorities to discover the details of the Communist conspiracy: through the official literature of the movement; through the work of undercover agents; and through the testimony of former Communists.

The literature tells us what the *open* current line is, where *public* meetings will be held, and it issues directives in Marxist double-talk to the concealed Reds who secure the literature clandestinely so that, in a matter of days, it will make its appearance in "softer" form in the daily press or the "liberal" weeklies.

But the real low-down, the "who, what, how, why, where and when" that nails down the facts, pin-points the subversives, and leads to convictions, can only be secured through undercover agents and former Communists.

And often they are the same!

It is not easy these days to plant an FBI operator in the Communist Party. Exposure and convictions

have made the comrades wary. Too much is at stake for them to trust the earnest newcomer. The day of the soap-box and street meeting, the open cell, the promiscuous handing out of application blanks, is a thing of the past. Today, each applicant for membership in the Party is subjected to a searching loyalty check. How, then, does the FBI get its undercover agents?

The answer is simple.

Most of the present underground informants for the FBI are *former Reds* who, disillusioned, have told the authorities all and have been asked to serve the nation by *retaining their membership in the Communist Party!* They have done so at considerable risk to themselves and their loved ones.

The next time you hear one of the Red Torchbearers transmitting the smears, the next time you are handed a petition directed against "informers," the next time you pick up a copy of a so-called "liberal" publication that is against all Communists except the American breed (which in effect means it is not against Communism), remember that Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White, Laurence Duggan, and hundreds of other Red agents would still be functioning inside our Government were it not for the work of the former Communist.

He is no hero. He asks no favors or special treatment. He seeks no medals. All he wants is your understanding — *and you need his knowledge!*



The Great Seal of the United States

BY BILL KREH

BACK on June 20, 1782, Congress passed an act which authorized the establishment of the Great Seal of the United States. An engraver got to work, and in a few weeks, the first brass die was completed, and the official symbol of the newly-formed nation was put into use.

Today, that same Great Seal is affixed to approximately 3,000 documents a year, according to its custodian for the past ten years, Mrs. Clydia Mae Richardson of the State Department's Division of Protocol.

The press used to affix the seal to official documents can be found in use six days a week within a small office of the State

Department Building in Washington, D. C.

The use of the Seal on official documents as a symbol of dignity and authenticity is strictly defined by law. It is placed on such civil commissions as those of cabinet officers, ambassadors and ministers, and on individual warrants signed by the President. It also is affixed to such documents as instruments of ratification of treaties, full powers to negotiate a treaty or to exchange ratifications, and Presidential proclamations, and to the envelopes that contain letters of credence or other ceremonial communications to the heads of foreign governments.

The design of the Great Seal is used on medals, currency, official stationery and publications, military caps and uniform buttons, and as an architectural adornment.

In large size and full color, it is placed above the entrances to U. S. embassies, legations and consulates all over the world.

At the time it was first authorized, the Seal was affixed by attaching a paper wafer to the document with a thin layer of red wax and impressing the seal while the wax still was soft — a method which served to bring out in clear relief the design of the Seal, as well as to attach the wafer firmly to the document.

Later usage, however, has modi-

fied this method by substituting glue or paste for the wax, and this is the method in use at the present time.

Down through the years, new engravings of the Seal have had to be made to replace the old ones as they became worn out.

Two of the later dies cut — one in 1841 and another in 1877 — often are called the “illegal” seals, because they did not conform to the specifications of the 1782 law. Both of these dies depicted only six arrows in the eagle’s left talon, instead of the 13 which were specified by Congress. In 1855, a new die was cut to conform to the law.

THE DIE of the Great Seal in use today was engraved in 1903 by Max Zeiler of Philadelphia, and experts say it will be in use for quite a while yet, because it still is as sharp and clear as when it was new.

The reverse side of the Great Seal never has been cut and used as an official document seal. It does, however, appear on our currency.

The Great Seal is regarded by historians as the most artistic “hand mark” of the nations. It keeps alive the ideals of unity, security and peace which the founding fathers wished to emphasize both at home and abroad as the guiding motives of their new Republic.



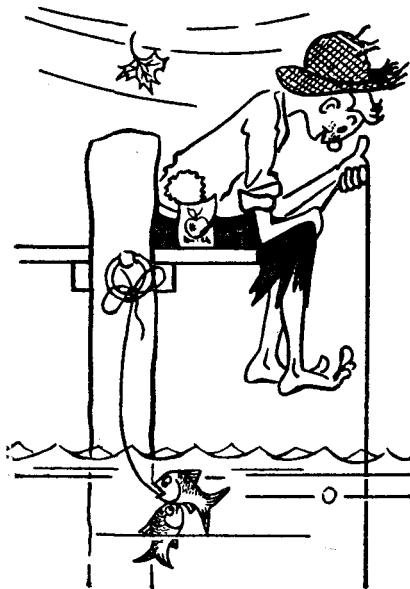


The Mark Twain

I REMEMBER

As told to WALDO CARLTON WRIGHT

IT WAS just before the turn of the century when I came to know Mark Twain. At the time, he was sixty-four and I was seven. For



the next eight years I spent many days with him, whenever he came home between lecture tours to be with his semi-invalid wife, Olivia Langdon, and his daughters, Clara and Susan, in Elmira, New York.

Samuel Clemens must have wanted a son badly, the way he welcomed me into his life that first Saturday morning. My father, an Elmira contractor, had taken me with him to Quarry Hill where he was making some alterations on the barn.

It was a pleasant spot overlooking the winding Chemung and the green valley, and I set out to explore an octagonal brick building I had noticed on the way up. It looked more like the bridge of a ship than a house. Peering through the windows, I saw a white-haired man at a desk. He was scratching away furiously, tossing the sheets aside on the floor.

He looked up and his intense black eyes scared me. He laid down

his pen and motioned for me to come in. With some misgiving, I opened the door.

"Well," he said, "I was just writing about you. Come in."

I stood there awkwardly, hesitant to step on the scattered sheets of foolscap.

"Just walk over them. They're no good anyway."

"Are you making out bills?" I asked, having watched my father preparing his monthly statements.

My conclusion must have amused him. "You might call it that. But I'm trying to pay bills, whole hatfuls of them."

The significance of what he said came years later when I learned that by this time he was on the downward spiral, writing desperately to pay off the debts of the Webster publishing house and finance the development of an impractical typesetting machine.

At that time, while he was trying to do a sequel to *Tom Sawyer* and potboil magazine articles, his heart was not in his work. After school or on Saturdays I would walk up Quarry Hill to the little brick house.

My visits were always sufficient excuse for him to put down his pen. Often he would pick up a few sheets from the floor and read them to me. Once he caught me staring out of the window and tore up an entire chapter.

He preferred walking to reading. Sometimes he would take his forty-

five revolver with him. From his days in the West he retained a steady hand, and could keep a tin can spinning in the air as long as a cartridge remained in the chamber.

ON THESE walks he would recite lengthy passages from Bunyan and Shakespeare, then ask me what I thought they meant, encouraging my halting interpretations. Later, many of these characters seemed to be people I had met on our walks and to whom he had introduced me.

On my ninth birthday he took me to task for not doing something creative. Without a smile he explained he had been talking over my future with three of his friends, one of whom was Voltaire, and that all of them agreed it was high time I started to write stories.

After that we often made up stories together. That is, he led me to feel they were my own stories. I recall parts of some of them. One that stands out concerned a weary plowhorse that all its life had wished for wings. Then one day its sore shoulders began magically to sprout wings, forcing off the collar and hames, and with its golden wings it flapped away to a horse heaven of deep Kentucky bluegrass.

Undoubtedly, Twain was trying in this story to tell me something about his outlook on life and the tragedy that crowded into those final years, while he was still sprouting his wings of escape from the burden he was dragging.

These stories I laboriously copied in a notebook which he told me to keep until I was old enough to publish them. But the notebook became lost, as did my dreams of being a writer.

Although Clemens is often referred to as an irreverent satirist, the only time I ever heard him swear was at a distance. Once while we were window-shopping in Elmira, Twain noticed a horse rearing, unable to move the overloaded wagon, while a huckster continued to lash and curse it. Clemens told me to walk ahead. When I was a block away he lit into the huckster with a volley of oaths that boiled out of the pilot house of his days on the Mississippi. For fifteen minutes he tongue-lashed this driver without once repeating himself, or letting the huckster get in a word.

Twain not only was the lifelong champion of the underdog. He delighted in debunking hypocrites and exploiters so that not even his beloved Olivia could call him off when he set out to cut a bully down to size. This urge set him on fire to write the journal of the *Maid of Orleans*, a quotation from which will always remain in the main hall of Oxford, beside Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and Portia's definition of the quality of mercy.

IN THE eight years I saw him from time to time, between his worldwide lecture tours, I suffered from undulant fever. It was before the

cause had been identified or could be adequately treated. Probably my malady recalled his sickly youth and so deepened his interest in me.

My illness brought me my greenest memory of Mark Twain, when I was twelve. It was then he took me with him to a testimonial dinner tendered him by the great and the near great, in Buffalo. My parents had questioned the wisdom of the long train ride, but Twain had assured them he would see that I got adequate rest.

That evening a boy of twelve occupied the place of honor on Mr. Clemens' right, and when anyone came to shake his hand he always introduced me. During his talk he referred twice to me as a fellow-author. But his greatest act of thoughtfulness came later when he noticed my drooping eyelids during the expressions of esteem that followed his talk. Rising and breaking into another's speech, he excused us, saying it was our bedtime.

The rest and well-being of a lad of twelve he gave priority over the plaudits of those who had come to pay tribute to his greatness. Although this meeting meant much to him, helping him to shut out of his mind the tragedy that was stalking his life — the death of Susan, the impending loss of his wife — he had set aside his own homage to assure a travel-weary boy a night of quiet, happy sleep.

That is the Mark Twain I remember.

Do You Know That...

- ▶ Although total Soviet trade with the West is substantially higher than in recent years, the proportion of import to export is massively unfavorable to the Reds. Except in the U.S., Britain and France, where she is building up surplus credits, Russia is buying far more from foreign countries than she is selling to them — and paying for the difference by sale of gold mined by slave labor.
- ▶ The population of mainland China, largest in the world, is put by official Red Chinese count at over 582 million people. This may explain the Communist indifference to the whereabouts of almost 3,000 United Nations troops (including 526 U.S. soldiers) not returned in the prisoner exchange of 1953.
- ▶ Ingenious scientists have perfected a method whereby anemia sufferers who used to have to submit to frequent injections of the vitamin B-12 which controls their disease can now take it by inhaling.
- ▶ Harvard University's endowment fund owns assets with a market value of \$365 million, bringing in an income of over \$12 million. This sum is reported to cover less than a third of the operating expenses of the University.
- ▶ Soviet military attachés of the Washington Embassy make a regular practice of attending scientific conferences on aspects of engineering, rocket ship travel, and the like, in hope of picking up useful items of information. They come in mufti in an attempt to preserve their incognito on these official spying missions.
- ▶ Up to July, 1954, American soldiers stationed in Korea had contributed over \$3 million out of their own pockets for relief of victims of the war.
- ▶ The Coast Guard, oldest U.S. naval force, was founded by Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, and still operates under Treasury jurisdiction in peacetime.
- ▶ The Defense Department's latest tentative total now lists United States battle casualties of the Korean War at 142,091.
- ▶ The late Anita McCormick Blaine, perennial capitalist supporter of pro-Communist causes, "loaned" at least \$228,000 to the *National Guardian*, "progressive" weekly whose editors have been named as Communist Party members.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

Wanted:

**A
SMARTER
G.I.**

A NEW and formidable problem is facing the military services. There's a scarcity of enlisted men smart enough to operate and service the newer, complicated, electronic war equipment. In the search for better weapons, our military designers have come up with equipment which is hard to operate and service.

Last November, the Defense Department sent an SOS to draft boards for only high I.Q. draftees. The reason: The average G.I. cannot operate the newer equipment.

Several weeks ago the Army announced a tightening of re-enlistment criteria in a move to reduce the number of "low mental quality men" in the Regular Army enlisted ranks.

These men were at one time suitable for all Army tasks. They are no more stupid, and in most cases much smarter, than they were when they originally enlisted. This can mean only one thing. The equipment and methods have gotten above the mental ability of the average enlisted man.

As a result of these higher re-

enlistment standards, the Army expects that there will be at first some drop in its re-enlistment rate. But the loss in numbers, the Army hopefully feels, will be made up for by an increase in ability.

Take the Army's new 75-millimeter "Skysweeper" anti-aircraft gun. It is the first fully integrated gun and fire control, with the gun, radar, and computer on one carriage. It finds and tracks approaching planes as far away as 15 miles and fires automatically at targets 4 miles away. It operates day and night, regardless of weather—even when planes are invisible.

Development of the gun began late in World War II in a half dozen Army arsenals and several private industrial plants. The miracle gun was produced. It is so complex that to train the crew of mechanics and technicians to maintain each gun takes 37 weeks.

Other Army, Navy and Air Force

equipment is similarly difficult to learn to operate and service.

Industry has found that some of the equipment is also difficult to produce. The complex equipment is extremely hard to manufacture with present production methods.

THE AIR FORCE, for example, lost several million dollars and more than a year's time trying to get an ultra-modern radar fire control system for the B-47 bomber.

It had to cancel a \$105-million contract with a large manufacturer because the firm couldn't produce the intricate system for the guns on the 600-mile-an-hour stratojet bomber. Another firm was given a contract for a "less advanced" gun control system. The original firm's contract was changed so it could turn out an "interim" (meaning less complicated) system.

Some military men and many civilians have expressed concern over the continuous drive to develop newer and more complex models of every military item. Spokesmen for the three services say that in making use of the latest scientific advances, the equipment necessarily becomes complicated. In defense, the services say they are using equipment to save men. Our equipment-to-man ratio is the highest of any nation.

The services are aware of the resulting difficulties and are trying to solve the new problems. For example, the military planners know that electronic equipment needs in war-

time would be beyond the capacity of the electrical and electronic industries as presently set up.

So the Navy and the Bureau of Standards developed a system that will mass-produce assembled segments of complicated electronic equipment. The revolutionary production system — code-named "Project Tinkertoy" — turns out complete units from simple components.

These units can be made as "plug-in" replacement parts, and the G.I. even without a working knowledge of the operation of the equipment may be able to repair and service equipment merely by replacing the proper "plug-in" unit. The Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, which master-minded the project, hopes that private firms will adopt the methods to their production.

Simplification in some fields has been ordered to help both the G.I. and industry. The Defense Department recently came out with an order cutting down the number of types of electronic tubes to be used in future equipment from the present 5,000 or more to 192.

The problem facing the services will become worse. Weapons will become more complicated as the military services continue using the latest advances of science and industry. Given time, industry will find men and methods to produce the weapons. But whether a mass army of high-intelligence G.I.'s can be assembled in any future emergency is questionable.

WHAT IS YOUR



FAITH- QUOTIENT?

By JAMES W. McCLAIN

(DR. I.Q.)

MINE is an unusual occupation. I ask questions for a living. I pay silver dollars for the correct answers.

The contestants on our TV broadcast from New York each week are rewarded for what they know — they cash-in, so to speak, on their Intelligence-Quotient.

But sometimes, I can assure you, the man who takes his title from that phrase “Intelligence-Quotient” wonders if the “I.Q.” a man possesses is as important as our modern age considers it. How about our Faith-Quotient — our “F.Q.”?

Intelligence can be a shallow thing if it is not tempered by faith. Paul of Tarsus said it eloquently nearly two thousand years ago, and the Corinthians needed it said to them, but there are some modern Corinthians in our midst; they place a

high value on intellectual gifts and artistic talent but the faith that should supply the spiritual values to thought and work and art is too often missing.

What about you? What is your Faith-Quotient?

According to the teachings of the great spiritual leaders of the past two thousand years, there are seven spiritual gifts that heaven affords to men. The Seven Gifts are *Strength, Piety, Humility, Wisdom, Knowledge, Understanding, and Counsel*. With these gifts man possesses the riches of all the ages, the treasure of all eternity.

Four of these gifts are intellectual. *Knowledge, Understanding, Wisdom and Counsel* are contributions to the *mind* of man. They have great value. But without an accompanying faith in some source of power outside ourselves, they can be futile and even dangerous possessions.

Take *Knowledge*. Without a corresponding conviction that the

source of the knowledge is beyond question of doubt — in other words, without *Faith* — the knowledge is useless. There must be even more than a faith in the source to make knowledge useful. There must be a belief that the knowledge has some significance, some meaning. Mere factual information, unrelated to a faith in the value of intangible realities such as love of family or love of country can prove exceptionally dangerous.

The gift of *Understanding* is no less fearsome when devoid of faith. To understand the secrets of the universe, to understand human behavior in terms of biological and psychological cause and effect without reference to spiritual cause and effect is to reduce man to the role of a thinking animal and to fling him back into a jungle-ethic. But the great milestones in the progress of the human race have been milestones of faith.

There is a wisdom divorced from faith, but it is a cynical, fatalistic thing, pale and weary. Wisdom, as seen in the writings of some of the ancient Stoics, Cynics and Epicurians is the wisdom too worn for enjoyment, too bitter for joy or peace. Only faith can give it fire and life.

The last of the great spiritual gifts to the mind is the rarest of all: *Counsel*. This is the ability to advise, to lead, to govern. But where is the counsel without faith? Can I advise my fellow man if I lack faith in him? Counsel that uses the tools

of knowledge and understanding and even wisdom without the gift of faith is always futile, often diabolical.

How is your Faith-Quotient? Let's do a checkup on our quotient of faith. Here are ten questions. Be completely honest. Grade yourself zero if your answer is an unqualified "No." Give yourself a five if your answer is "Maybe" or "Sometimes." If you can honestly answer "Yes, completely!" then give yourself a ten.

Answers and explanations of your score will be found at the end of the questionnaire.

① Some parents say: "We want our child to discover his own faith." Do you think you have a moral obligation to expose your child to your own faith in God and man at an early age? ☐

② If you were sick with what the best medical advice said was an incurable disease, would you consider it of any value to turn to some supernatural power for help? ☐

③ Do you think that faith — that is, what a person believes about humanity or divinity — has anything to do with his ethical or moral life? ☐

④ Do you think the Communists can destroy us by tearing down our faith in American institutions and the system of free enterprise? ☐

⑤ Are you one of those persons who believe that some suffering is the inevitable lot of every man? ☐

⑥ Do you think that any Divine Power capable of intervening in the affairs of man would permit all the evil we see in the world? ☐

⑦ Do you think that believing in a person's ability or honesty can actually increase that person's ability or strengthen his honesty? ☐

⑧ Do you think you have to believe in a Supreme Being in order to possess real faith in humans? ☐

⑨ If there is a Divine Power outside of you, Who knows all that you do, is there any real reason why you should bother to confess your wrong-doings? ☐

⑩ Are you one of those people who goes around "bearing witness" — that is, talking and bragging about your religion or your country instead of keeping it quietly to yourself? ☐

Now, add your score. A total score of 70 or better indicates a strong and positive faith. If your score is under 70, you may be confused with words and phrases. Consult a recognized spiritual advisor. If your score is *under* 50, you may be headed for serious trouble: disillusionment, life without meaning,

ultimate despair. As we say on television: "See your nearest (spiritual) dealer, *at once!*"

Here is an analysis of the questions. All answers should be "Yes!" for the person of strong faith. Here's why!

① It is difficult to see how a strong faith could permit a parent to let a child "discover faith for himself" without guidance from his mother and father. We don't ask the child to "discover" food, or clothing, or shelter. We *supply* these vital necessities. We give our child, and sometimes we even *require* him to accept, the basic necessities, *plus* education, respect for those in authority, social contacts and recreation. Why make an exception of faith?

② Yes! The power of prayer is not in its efficacy to change divine law but rather in its gift of strength and patience and understanding for the accepting of divine will. This is the test of your faith.

③ Yes! The cliché "as a man believes, so is he" has been said so often it has lost its punch. But actually each one of us determines his behavior upon the basis of his own sense of values — his faith. William Temple said, "We become like the god we worship!"

④ Yes! A very large part of the psychological warfare being conducted right now by the Red world is aimed at the destruction of our faith. If the Commie can plant a seed of doubt today, he knows that

it may well flower in a mushroom cloud over New York tomorrow!

⑤ Historical and personal experience alone should make it evident that all growth and maturity require some pain and suffering. Faith seeks no escape from pain. It seeks only the means by which pain can be made positive and rewarding.

⑥ We have freedom of choice. This freedom is real—it means just what it says! For this reason the Divine Power which created this freedom will not step in to negate it. Divine Law *must* permit evil, since to destroy it would contradict the law of freedom by which we set that evil in motion.

⑦ Of course! Faith is contagious. Most of us are urged on to greater achievement and deeper integrity, sometimes far beyond our own imagined limitations, by the faith others show in us.

⑧ If you answered “No” to this question, the chances are that you are not very observant. The evidence is overwhelming that the fellow who denies belief in a Supreme Being is not to be trusted. His values are always relative. His notion of “truth” is as flexible as a Communist peace-oath. We can love and trust our fellow man only because we know him to possess certain qualities transcendent to his animal nature. Take away this divine spark and you are up against a dangerous beast.

⑨ Examination of daily actions and the admitting of our short-

comings is *not* for the purpose of informing the Supreme Being of our sins. Of course any all-knowing power would be aware of them without our petty confessions. *But* we still need to clean house. We need to see ourselves, not as the exalted images our wishful thinking makes us but as the real, flesh-and-blood human beings our actions show us to be. Honest and humble confession of wrong does away with that dangerous human capacity for kidding ourselves. Polonius’ advice is still good: “To thine own self be true, and it will follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.”

⑩ This one was rather tricky. I purposely made it sound a bit unattractive — this “bearing witness” — because I have heard so many people argue against fellows who carried their religion or their patriotism “on their sleeve.” But “bearing witness” need not imply making a nuisance of yourself. Faith, being contagious, grows by contact. We certainly should not force our convictions upon others who are not interested. But we have an obligation to expose others, lovingly and thoroughly, to the faith by which we live. Religion and patriotism are not private matters. They have enormous social significance. A pretty pink sanctuary, closed off within your own heart, inaccessible to all but you is *not* the sanctuary of Faith.



HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

By Howard Rushmore



AMID the thousands of words speculating on the future of Alger Hiss, the *Daily Worker* sounded its clarion call, boldly predicting that the recent release of the Yalta conspirator would spell doom for Joe McCarthy.

Here's how the *Worker* sees it: Alger boy will soon prove his innocence and "vindication for Hiss can only mean a terrible blow to the entire McCarthyite cabal of the GOP; it would serve to expose them for the fakers that they are whose purpose is to murder American democratic rights and halt any moves to peaceful coexistence."

Just how their martyr will go about denying he was a Soviet spy the *Worker* doesn't attempt to explain any more than it attempted to cover the two Hiss trials in 1949-50 when Whittaker Chambers was giving the juries an inside view of Alger's espionage antics within the New Deal.

Switching to the "lighter side" for a moment, *Masses and Mainstream*, the organ of the comrade eggheads, takes a blast at women's magazines in the United States for their "reactionary content" and how it affects the distaff side of the house.

Helen Lazarus delves deep into this vital problem and comes up

with the following conclusion: "Over and over again these magazines speak of the woman's role as primarily a reproductive one, devoted to the service of husband and home." This new line of attack is nothing short of startling, particularly since the Communist press has been bewailing the fate of the wives of several dozen comrades serving Smith Act conviction sentences. These Red fraus are referred to as "typical housewives" who miss their incarcerated husbands away from hearth and home.

Another Communist propaganda organ known as *Party Life* takes time out to thank the Americans for Democratic Action and the American Civil Liberties Union for "the ever-growing expression of opposition" to recent legislation outlawing the Red conspiracy.

Meanwhile, the *Daily Worker*, which acknowledges that Russia invented baseball, pays a tribute to the late Babe Ruth. Not because this rugged individualist was the greatest slugger in the game, but because of the "Babe's successful fight to lift wages" which, says the *Worker's* sports writer, "kept an embittered Ruth from his rightful trial as a big league manager."

The *Worker's* score on this one is "no runs, no hits, all errors."

Can You Trust Opinion Research Polls?

By Joan Tara

HEADS ROLL, careers tumble, and earnings sheer off in the dreaded trail of opinion research polls. These polls are the tin gods of an economic structure based on mass production. If a million people want you, you're in. If only 999,999 cheer for you, you're out. But ever since that renowned debacle of twenty years ago, when the *Literary Digest* predicted, by "infallible" scientific forecast, an overwhelming Hoover victory, people have questioned the reliability of polls.

And well they might! I speak not as an expert in statistics nor as an authority on opinion research methods, but merely as one who toiled in the lowest-echelon drudgery of poll-taking. Once I worked with one of the nation's leading advertising agencies as an interviewer, the

gal who sticks her foot in your door and waves a questionnaire at you. Later I served with an outstanding opinion research center — you'd recognize the name in a flash if I revealed it — as a tabulator of questionnaire answers. Several friends of mine worked with the same organizations at the time I did. All of us were sworn to secrecy on the confidential material we were handling. But after several years, I break this bond of silence to reveal what goes on *behind* the poll.

You want to know our credentials for jumping into this highly sensitive field? We all had Bachelor of Arts degrees from leading universities. Only one of us had specialized in statistics. The rest had majored in subjects ranging through American history, English, dramatic arts and

social science. I had one solid week of statistics buried in a course on formal logic. The professor himself scarcely knew what he was talking about, and consequently, I know even less. No matter. I never needed knowledge on statistics, before, during or after my brush with opinion research.

I suppose you are curious to learn the inner workings of a poll. It is a very curious business. The most spectacular polls are of a political nature. What percentage of the adult American population wants to throw brickbats at Senator Bosh this week as compared to last week? How many farmers favor the price of putty in New Zealand as compared to the price of coals in Newcastle? These are the opinion findings that make front page (second section of your newspaper) headlines.

But the bread-and-butter polls are those ordered and paid for by industries — heavy, light (entertainment) and consumer. Questions asked are such as “Do you prefer your favorite brand soup can in a red or yellow jacket?” “Do you listen to that famous comedian, Pink Suspenders, on TV every Sunday?” “Do you want your next car to be made of corrugated sheet glass or mashed soy beans?”

These are the opinions the pollster must find out for his client from you and you and you. And, based on these findings, the car manufacturer changes his next year’s line of cars, the sponsor drops a comedian, the

food product comes out bedecked in a new-colored box. The force of opinion research findings is considerable. But the accuracy? That’s a camel of a different hump.

HOW DOES the pollster go about prying the answers loose from the great American public? First of all, he and his hired experts hammer out the list of questions which they believe will best elicit the required information. Armed with these preliminary questionnaires, the experts approach the man in the street. Sometimes the client prefers or needs, instead, the opinion of the man behind the plow, the man in the factory, or the man who owns a \$15,000 ranch-type house in the suburbs. If so, the experts get 100 questionnaires answered. This is called a sampling. From this sampling flows all the rest.

Back in the office (with its imposing views of the New York harbor, east and west), the experts study the questionnaires, smooth out the kinks, clarify questions that are too vague, misleading or unprofitable information-wise. They then compose a list of questions, as near ideal as possible. Meanwhile, the official statisticians break down the answers from the sampling into categories. And the categories into percentages, based on 100.

For instance, D. Kopf, hat manufacturer, wants to know if his public prefers red hats to green hats — always, sometimes, or never. Thirty

men approached for their opinion said they always preferred red hats — that makes 30% of the total of 100 men. Ten men said they never liked red hats — that is, 10% of the total. Fourteen men said they preferred green hats — that is, 14% of the total. And so on down the line of questions. One man said he preferred red hats to green hats, always, and a few questions later, answered that he preferred green hats to red hats, always. This is the 1% of crackpot answers which makes the statistician tear his hair out, trying to fit the man into his percentage niche.

When the list of questions has been perfected, thousands of questionnaires are printed up to be put, in lots, into the hands of the interviewers. All of the major opinion research firms have steadily employed interviewers — mostly half-baked college graduates like myself, or part-time housewives — scattered throughout the nation. You'd be astonished at some of the remote areas where interviewers can be apprehended, plying their trade in ramshackle cars over desert, mountain stream and lost valley. The fingers of opinion research reach everywhere.

As THE completed questionnaires pour into the office, they are funnelled into the room where the lesser-brained slaveys (again me), tabulate each questionnaire accurately. Tacked up on the bulletin board in front of each of us is the

official tabulation, based on the test sampling of the 100 men, and broken down into the proper percentages by the statistical experts. This sheet shows us what percent answered "no," and what percent answered "maybe." Since many of the answers are not straight "yes," "no," and "maybe" responses, but mixed responses, reported verbatim by the interviewer, we had to figure out what niche to put the answer in. If we misunderstood the interviewee's *real* opinion, and put his response into the wrong category, why, naturally, the final figure is wrong. The crazy fringe of 1% who seem incapable of logical thought grows to immense proportions in our tabulating room.

For instance, imagine the interviewer, a tired, middle-aged housewife who has already driven and stopped forty miles that day. She puts a weary foot on the farmer's buckboard. "What brand of car do you have now?" she asks.

"A Blankety-blank, 1928," he barks back.

"Are you satisfied with this present brand of car?"

"Yes!" he shoots back, unequivocally.

And then, at the foot of the questionnaire where space is reserved for verbatim comments, the interviewer scribbles in pencil the farmer's off-hand remarks: "This is the rottenest dern car I ever rode. Wheels fall off when I'm pulling through a muddy rut. Gas pump blows a gasket every

thousand miles. Piece of unmitigated junk. If you *paid* me, I'd never get this brand again."

Now you tell me, what was that man's real opinion? That's the kind of unravelling we had to do all the time, in tabulation. Luckily, there was always a supervisor on hand with plenty of know-how on numbers to tell us where to stick that kind of answer.

After the thousands of questionnaires had been thoroughly analyzed and tucked into their proper percentage cubbyholes, the results would be sent upstairs to the brains of the concern, and from thence handed over to the industrial client, or released to the newspapers.

AND THAT, in short, is how a poll is taken. Sounds reasonably scientific, doesn't it? But! There are plenty of screws loose that can, and do, throw the whole machinery of poll-taking out of kilter. First, the interviewer. Most of us, remember, were recent college graduates or housewives working part-time. The pay, per hour, was comparatively small, far below the income of our ambitions. The work excruciatingly hard. Pounding pavements for hours in the city, or knocking on unfriendly doors. Driving cars over impossible roads, for the rural interviewer. We took the job largely for prestige. And prestige wears thin by the time the tenth door is slammed in our face.

In the beginning of poll-taking,

before the novelty wore off, the interviewer could count on one person out of every two he approached to answer a questionnaire fully with gracious willingness. By the time I got around to the job, the public was heartily sick and resentful of having its privacy invaded by nosey strangers as it ploughed a field, mopped its kitchen floor, or sat in the city park, soaking up sunshine and soot. I and my friends were lucky if one person out of three would consent to answer a questionnaire. I dread to think what our successors are undergoing. I can see them, after having the phone slammed down on their ears for the fifteenth time, while inquiring what "your radio is tuned to," curled up in an easy chair and manufacturing answers to be handed in to the boss next day.

I know my friends and I did. And I have no reason to doubt that other interviewers indulge in the same practice, at least occasionally. We are not dishonest or lacking in integrity. But when a deadline nears for handing in 100 questionnaires, and we've walked from Times Square to 14th Street without luck, it's almost humanly impossible not to take the easy way out. One of my friends was fired because she had so obviously filled in the last few questionnaires herself.

I was not so slipshod when I sat down at the end of a long, hard day, in the cooling air of Bryant Park by the 42nd Street Library, to

falsify half a dozen or so of questionnaires before dashing into the advertising agency to meet the deadline for delivery. I studied the legitimately-filled questionnaires first, established the way, roughly, the answers were running, and followed the same pattern of percentages in my falsified sheets.

For each questionnaire, I visualized a complete person, credible down to the furniture in her apartment and the kind of language she would use in answering a question. I broke off some of the "interviews" in the middle, just as often happened in actuality when the victim got annoyed or impatient with the number of questions. I used grammatical errors on the verbatim reports. I even made the imaginary interviewee give occasional contradictory answers. Apparently, these false interviews passed muster as well as the real McCoy, because I was never called on the carpet for them.

STRANGELY enough, this discrepancy in answer percentages is the very trap into which the polls fall, to their own discomfiture — or demise. Remember, in front of each tabulator is the official list of percentages, based on the original sampling of 100. Now, suppose on the official guiding list, 10% of the people questioned stated they wanted a house made of green cheese. But I am analyzing 400 questionnaires, mailed in by an interviewer who handles the Tree Stump desert area,

in Montana. And according to her questionnaires (names and addresses are seldom provided since most people balk when their anonymity is threatened), 20% instead of 10% of her folks prefer homes made of green cheese.

Does the agency prick up its ears at this interesting development? No! It assumes, because the percentages don't jibe with *their* initial sampling, that the interviewer is falsifying the questionnaires and that whole batch is simply thrown out of the final tabulation. Allowance is made for 1% or 2% variations in answers. But not for more. The interviewer is warned not to practice this deception again, and if she does, she is fired.

What's wrong with that? Everything. I know I falsified now and again. I know my friends did. I imagine large numbers of interviewers for opinion research still do. But there is no reason to assume therefore that when answers are running so far differently from the initial sampling, that they are falsified. Perhaps, in that little pocket of Tree Stump desert, there are actually more people who prefer green-cheese houses than any other kind.

But this fact, if it runs too much counter to the official percentage base, will not register on the final results. And this is the first primary stumbling block of opinion research polls. This is where they can go so far wrong, by not *actually* taking into account a *real* difference of

opinion as it shows up through interviews across the country. Could be, also, that the original sampling of 100, or even 1,000 men, was insufficient to establish a pattern for the country.

SECONDLY, even in the largest poll, never more than a few thousand persons are questioned. And these answers are projected onto the nationwide population. Take this common instance. You read in the Monday paper that on the previous day, according to Snorkel's Opinion Research Center, 10,000,000 people were listening to that uproarious comedian, Pink Suspenders. It's a half-hour show. And you know, in the thickness of your unmathematical brain, that figuring one minute per phone call, thirty phone calls per interview, it would take more than 300,000 interviewers to contact ten million persons in a half hour. The cost to the research concern would be staggering.

What they actually do is to have interviewers throughout the country make a spot-check. Assume that 1,000 interviewers contact, in that half hour of Pink Suspenders, 10,000 radio listeners, and jot down how many are listening to the comedian, and how many are occupying their time with more worthwhile pursuits.

Now, the research concern knows, according to the latest government statistics, that approximately (these are all fairy-tale figures; I don't have

the statistics at my fingertips) four million American families have radios. Mama, Papa, and one child are, according to these statistics, listening to the radio at ten o'clock of a Sunday evening. So, taking the 10,000 Americans they actually have contacted that Sunday half hour, the pollsters project it onto the statistical ten million (roughly) Americans, and come up with the radio audience of Pink Suspenders.

If one out of that 10,000 contacted said he never listens to Pink Suspenders, then, by projecting the percentages, the firm states that 1,000 out of ten million with radio sets were not listening to the world-shattering program of Pink Suspenders. But they can only *surmise* this; they do not know it absolutely. There may be, scattered throughout the United States, whole areas of people with radios who never listen to Pink Suspenders. People untouched by the ubiquitous interviewer.

Do you often wonder how it is possible, since the polls so firmly state that a million people think thus-and-so, and ten million thus-and-so, how it is possible, I repeat, out of all those million *supposedly* contacted in person that *you* have never been asked for your opinion? Now you know. It's because only a few thousand persons are ever approached for their opinions. The rest is *all*, every person of it, mere assumption. (In case you're curious to know what it feels like to be ques-

tioned, you would, in all likelihood, suspect the perfectly honest interviewer to be trying some sort of "con" game, and shut the door in her face.)

With these three flaws — the possible falsification of questionnaires, the imposed authority of the *test* percentages over what may actually be found in the field by questioning larger numbers of people, and the final projection from a few thousand persons to reach conclusions concerning a few million persons — the polls can't help but be inaccurate.

IS THERE any solution? Yes. Let us cease this mystical devotion to the weight of sheer numbers. We were once proud of the typical American philosophy that if a man built a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world would beat a pathway to his door. That fine pragmatic philosophy has been turned on its ear. Now industry spends hundreds of thousands of dollars, hiring statistical experts to first determine the size, shape and color of the mousetrap the public *thinks* it wants, before industry forges ahead with production.

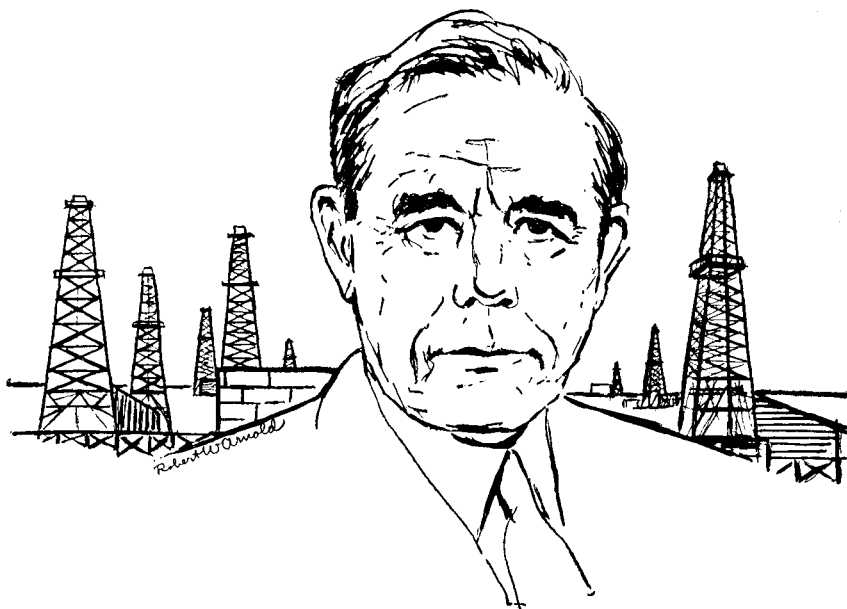
Or, if the billion-dollar industry called show business translates the statistics to mean that ten million persons prefer an inferior mousetrap (read movie, TV or radio show), it will go right on grinding out those gimcrack mousetraps. And it avails naught to yell, "Hey, look over here, right here in this corner, gen-

tlemen of amusement, are 20,000 people who are dying for a mousetrap of superior design, taste and performance." Twenty thousand people, and their desires, are as nothing, when *billions* are in the balance.

It is time the nation's economic mills ceased to depend upon largely imaginary figures to tell it what, and what not, to produce. It's time to put quality ahead of quantity. Either you have faith in your ability to produce the best possible mousetrap, faith in your own integrity to give the best you are capable of creating to the public, or you are cheating. Statistics mean *nothing*.

There is nothing more holy in ten million than in ten thousand. But there is something less than holy in industries which are more concerned in getting away with superficial "improvement" or with the worst possible product that will yet sell in droves, when they should be acutely concerned, rather, with producing the best movies that talent can create, the safest cars science can devise, the finest fabrics, packaged foods, knick-knacks and modern conveniences that they can design.

As for the public, it would do well to take poll findings with a large grain of skepticism. Sometimes, when I remember the polls I had a finger in, and the thousands of dollars that reputable firms spend to obtain highly dubious results, I sigh ruefully. There must be more pleasurable ways of squandering money.



Hugh Roy Cullen

A BOOK CONDENSATION

By Ed Kilman and Theon Wright



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HUGH ROY CULLEN

By Ed Kilman and Theon Wright

ON A HOT NIGHT in July, 1930, Roy Cullen was awakened by the ringing of the telephone in the bedroom of his home in Houston. He listened, then turned to his wife, Lillie, watching him anxiously.

"We've reached oil sand, honey!"

Within fifteen minutes his car was humming toward Rabb's Ridge, fifty miles southwest, from where his night driller had called him. Roy Cullen was what is known as a "wildcatter," one of those hardy pioneers of the oil business who range far and wide over the land like prospectors looking for gold. For a dozen years Roy had roved over Texas from the New Mexican border to the Gulf of Mexico, hunting for signs of oil. His luck had gone up and down with his drills, and Dame Fortune had smiled fleetingly, but on this sultry July night she grinned — almost wantonly. A grin that opened one of the most fabulous stories in the fabulous history of Texas — the story of the "King of the Texas Wildcatters" and a billion-dollar fortune in oil!

Several oil companies had explored Rabb's Ridge, but reports of the geologists had been negative. Roy Cullen sometimes ignored these conclusions in favor of what he called "creekology" — an indefinable sense

of the meaning of down-to-earth clues, such as the course of rivers and creek-beds and dry streams, which he patched together with geological data until the formations of earth far below ground level seemed to be spread out like a map in his mind. But of course people had dubbed it "Cullen luck" when he brought in wells where many big companies had given up hope.

Twenty years before he had come to Houston on what might have been regarded as a "gamble," but to him it was a plan. He had looked over the map of the United States and seen where the natural flow of wealth from the Southwest had to go. With characteristic decision, he had picked up his family and belongings, left his good cotton-buying business in Oklahoma after twelve years' work, and had come down to Houston. At that time (1911), Houston was a lusty, brawling city, the pride of the Southwest and the capital of King Oil. Roy Cullen was determined to grow with the city. He became interested in real estate, continued cotton-buying, then plunged into wildcatting for oil in West Texas, and almost went broke after three years. But he continued to search for "black gold,"

and had soon reached the millionaire bracket.

THE 1930 July night phone call was from a well drilled on land leased from Hiland P. Lockwood, a land operator in South Texas, and he had an additional 1500 acres adjoining. Altogether, Lockwood owned 3000 acres around a small railroad siding called Thompson. With this strike Roy needed the rest of Lockwood's tract. He put it up to him. The proposition was loaded with importance, because the value of land after a discovery well has been drilled increases astronomically.

Lockwood nodded. "Sure," he said, examining the bucket of sand from the well which Roy brought him.

"For how much?"

"Same as before — forty dollars an acre, plus the usual royalty."

"After seeing this sand?" Cullen was surprised.

"Why not, Roy? You showed me the sand first. Most men would have made the deal first — and then showed the sand."

After that deal, Cullen took the bucket of sand down to his office to show his partner, Jim West, a big, bluff East Texan.

"Does anybody know about this?" he asked sharply.

Cullen nodded. "Lockwood."

"Why in hell did you do that, Roy?" scowled West.

"I've never tried to out-trade a man in my life, Jim — and I never

let a man out-trade me if I can help it."

The other wells he had brought in had been fair to middling — and some were good. He had struck oil at Humble, and at Blue Ridge, enough to put him on "easy street" if he had wanted to quit; but they were not bonanzas. Now he had struck the bonanza. There was a great pool of oil under Rabb's Ridge that would probably pour out "black gold" for a hundred years or more.

So the once-abandoned Thompson field became highly productive, with well after well brought in — a liquid gold mine. One day the Humble Company approached Jim West with an offer to buy out Cullen & West's interest for \$20,000,000. West wanted to accept the offer, but Roy scoffed.

"The stuff in that field is worth a hundred million dollars," he said. "Maybe two hundred million."

West still wanted to sell, and finally Roy agreed. "All right, Jim — we'll sell. It's your company as much as mine. But after this deal, we're through as partners. I'm not going to find any more oil fields for you to give away!"

The dissolving of the partnership left Roy Cullen again a lone operator — and that was the way he liked it. Already he had made history in Texas oil development; and two years later, on the sandy humps of land along the Gulf Coast south-east of San Antonio, he was to write the most fabulous chapter of all —

the discovery of the great Tom O'Connor field, which became the real "wildcatter's dream."

HUGH ROY CULLEN was one of a family of seven children, five of whom were his half-brothers and half-sisters. Cicero Cullen, his father, was the son of one of the most illustrious pioneers of Texas, Ezekiel Cullen, who had fought with Ben Milam's "Texas Raiders" in the Battle of San Antonio, a half century before Roy was born. And he founded the public school system of Texas.

Cicero married the widow, Louise Beck, with five children, and they settled in a farm in Denton County, northwest of Dallas, where Roy Cullen was born on July 3, 1881. The stories of Ezekiel, his famous grandfather, were more vivid in Roy's recollection than the memories of his father. Cicero was past fifty when Roy was born, and he had never adjusted himself to the life of the Beck household. Shortly after Dick, the second son, was born, Cicero and Roy's mother agreed to separate. The husband went to live in Dallas, the wife to San Antonio, with her large family. . . .

The financial panic of 1893 had bitten deeply into the economy of Texas. Cotton markets were low, and the price of beef had fallen off badly. San Antonio itself suffered the worst depression since Texas had become part of the Union. Louise Cullen found the problems of supporting her family increasingly hard,

with little help from any source.

One evening, after school, Roy sought out his mother, who was working in the flower garden behind the house. He looked seriously at her.

"Mother, I'm quitting school!"

He was just twelve. Mrs. Cullen's dark eyes widened. She took Roy's hands and drew him close to her. "Whatever has come over you, honey? You *must* keep on with your school!"

The boy shook his head stubbornly. "My mind's made up, Mother. I've thought about it, and I know what I'm going to do. There's no use talking."

A FEW DAYS later he got a job sacking candy at Dueller's Candy Factory, for three dollars a week. Each Saturday, he would hand the three dollars to his mother. After all efforts to dissuade him, Louise Cullen gave up her objections. Young Roy, she knew, was given to firm decisions in spite of his years, once he had made up his mind.

But at the same time he had determined that "going to work" was not to deprive him of learning. So, during evening hours, Roy would remain in his room, reading and studying maps. It was strange fare: history books, the novels of Scott and Dickens, translations of Greek mythology, the works of Carlyle, Shakespeare's plays and oddly enough, Blackstone on English common law. And he plotted the history

of the world on charts pasted on the walls, marking off events and dates.

Roy was visiting his father in Dallas when *living* history stirred his youthful blood. The battleship *Maine* had been sunk in the harbor of Havana, on February 15, 1898, and the Spanish-American War began. Caught in the wave of patriotism that swept over the country, Roy, not yet seventeen, enlisted in the "Dallas Zouaves." His father, however, revealed his age and he was honorably discharged.

However, he wasn't going back to the candy factory. Instead, he obtained a job with the big cotton firm of Ralli Brothers, in Schulenberg, about a hundred miles east of San Antonio. Though absorbed in the new business, Roy found time to fall thrillingly in love with a beautiful, blue-eyed girl, Lillie Cranz, the daughter of a prosperous merchant in Schulenberg. It was love at first sight for her, too. So, at eighteen, the grandson of Ezekiel Cullen was secretly engaged. Fired with ambition to be a successful cotton buyer and marry Lillie, he inquired around for a better position. The top-notch cotton firm of Clarkson in Houston gave him his chance to show his mettle. They sent the boy into Oklahoma as their representative. Young as he was, within a short time he built up a reputation as a good trader. Men liked him. He made money.

On December 29, 1903, when he was twenty-two, he married the lovely Lillie in the Cranz home in

Schulenberg. Roy took his bride to Oklahoma — the raw, untamed frontier Territory, where he planned to settle, make his fortune, and raise a family. Speedily, he built a house, became an independent cotton buyer, and his first child, Roy Gustave, was born.

EVERYTHING went swimmingly until the panic of 1907 brought its widespread ruin and depression. It left Roy Cullen solvent, but the shock turned his shrewd, analytical mind to the study of other potential means of livelihood and more promising opportunity. He decided to pull up stakes and migrate to Houston. This was early in 1911. That sprawling city by the bayous, in the census of 1910, had a population of 78,000 souls, and had become the center of a new and exciting gift of nature — Oil! On January 10, 1901, the great "Spindletop" had poured its black geyser of liquid wealth into the sky near Beaumont, the first big production discovered in Texas.

Roy lost no time getting his feet solidly planted in Houston. He fought for its Ship Channel, and the city electorate voted for a \$3,000,000 bond issue. Inevitably, he became a "wildcatter." Three years of it in West Texas spelt zero. But lack of success had not dampened his hopes. He returned to Houston, prepared to tackle the salt domes to be explored in South Texas.

"Tomorrow," as he always said cheerfully, "is another day."

A FEW MILES southwest of Houston was a place called Pierce Junction. Fifty-two dry wells had been drilled in the area. Roy insisted on leasing a section there, though warned it was "too far off the dome." Contrary to predictions, he brought in a well that produced about 2500 barrels a day and flowed about two years.

So, from one well to another — some fair, a few good, but most of them dry — Roy Cullen pushed on from field to field. In 1927, he moved into Blue Ridge. On the first hole bored he and his partner, Jim West, struck oil. They bored four more wells and all four brought in oil! The South Texas Petroleum Company was a going concern — and how!

'Twas then the legend of "Cullen luck" began to range up and down the oil fields. The oil geologists were baffled by the uncanny prescience of this wildcatter who could find oil in supposedly worked-out fields. But it wasn't "luck" or "second sight." It was knowledge of the earth's surface which he applied to problems of drilling — and it was this peculiar knowledge that enabled him to conquer the bugaboo of Texas oil drillers for a quarter of a century: the so-called "heaving shale," known to geologists as "Jackson shale."

Shortly after the South Texas Petroleum Company got under way — following the strike on East Blue Ridge — Roy Cullen turned his attention to the Humble fields, once a

booming cluster of oil wells, and now nearly played out. Jim West was disgusted when Roy announced his intention of drilling there. But Roy went ahead. He knew they would strike the Jackson shale about 3000 feet down, but he had a privately planned scheme of his own to conquer the difficulty.

And, electrifyingly, the first well dug poured out 5000 barrels a day! His feat made oil history once more. He was awarded a degree of Doctor of Science by the University of Pittsburgh for the "originality of thought, daring and vision in the development of methods of drilling deep wells."

Shortly after the Blue Ridge and Humble fields were brought in, a group of Wall Street investment men offered to set up a corporation and sell shares to the public. He was to be president and would agree to run it for at least ten years. Bonds would be issued up to \$60,000,000 to be sold by the company, of which half would be turned over to Cullen and West as profit.

"Sixty million dollars is a lot of money," Roy said. "But I'm not interested."

Surprised, the bankers asked him why.

"I'd be afraid to spend any of the money," he said. "If the company didn't turn out to be a success, I wouldn't have any right to the fifteen million — I'd have to use my portion to pay back the bondholders."

That decision was akin to his self-determined break with Jim West on the Lockwood-Thompson strike later, in 1930. To be "on his own" was best for him, he thought. However, he also decided to bring into his next organized company members of his family and perhaps a few close personal friends.

BUT DEPRESSION, worse than 1907, hit the nation. An ominous cycle of unemployment and low markets. Roy watched developments with increasing worry. The national economy was seriously threatened. In the election of 1928, Roy had thrown his personal political preference to Herbert Hoover, abandoning his life-long faith in the Democrats. Hard times and social unrest had stacked the cards against President Hoover. When Franklin Delano Roosevelt was nominated by the Democrats in the summer of 1932, it became evident that the people were looking for a "new prophet." A new school of economic thought was gathering force, and Roy was a firm advocate of the age-old creed of "enlightened self-interest." He wanted no part of a "socialized democracy."

He went to the *Houston Post* with a letter urging Texans to support Hoover. But his pleading fell on deaf ears. Texas, like the rest of the nation, was crying for any kind of change, and Roosevelt and the "New Deal" were swept into office in the election of November, 1932. There

was an early reversal of many campaign pledges. By the end of Roosevelt's first term, Roy Cullen was convinced that the danger of socialism was real and imminent. He opened a broadside of telegrams on members of Congress, and began to follow closely the actions of every Congressman and Senator.

Politics aside, however, Roy Cullen had formed the now famous Quintana Petroleum Company, with his son, Roy Gustave, as vice-president. Within a short time they were drilling in the O'Connor Ranch "billion-dollar oil field."

Lillie had often asked Roy to retire, or at least leave the bulk of the burden to the younger members of the family. Besides Roy Gustave, they had two married daughters and their husbands, and two unmarried girls.

"It's pretty dangerous in those oil fields, Roy," his wife cautioned. "Every time I hear of somebody getting hurt, I think you may be the next one."

"Nobody can stand still, Lillie," he said, shaking his head, "You've got to move forward or go back. Sonny is coming along fine. I've got him in charge of all our field operations now, and he's learned the business from the bottom up." He smiled. "One of these days maybe we can sit back and rest."

By 1936, the Tom O'Connor field was going full blast, its great cluster of derricks pouring out thousands of barrels of oil daily into a vast flood,

and the company began to extend its interest into Western and Southwestern Texas. Young Roy went down to the southern tip of the state to supervise emergency drilling operations at a field near Edinburg, where the drilling pipe had "frozen" in the well. The derrick and rig in use there was not Quintana equipment. It had been rented.

"Be careful about that rig, Sonny," his father told young Roy before he left. "It's not as solid as our rigs."

"Oh, I'll be careful, Dad — and I'll be back in a few days."

But unstable derricks are no respecter of men or wealth or youth, and that rented one toppled and injured Roy Gustave fatally. His crushed leg was amputated successfully, but he died in two days, leaving a wife and three children. An irreparable, tragic loss to his mother and father. Father Roy's rugged face became a mask of his emotions, and he seemed to withdraw into a hard shell of reserve.

SEVERAL MONTHS after the Edinburg tragedy, a tall, graying, scholarly man wearing rimless spectacles, came into Roy Cullen's office. With him was John T. Scott, chairman of the First National Bank of Houston. Scott had telephoned Roy he wanted to see him on an important matter. He introduced his tall companion, Dr. E. E. Oberholzer, formerly head of Houston's public school system and the founder of Houston's only public institution of

higher learning. It had been known as Houston Junior College until two years before, when Dr. Oberholzer had succeeded in having it raised to the status of a university. The educator was planning a campaign to raise money to enlarge the embryo University of Houston until it would have full university stature and be accredited with the Association of Southern Colleges and Universities.

Dr. Oberholzer spent only a few minutes with Cullen at this time. But he left with the oil man's promise to listen at greater length after the election campaign.

"I'm putting in most of my time trying to beat Roosevelt," he said, chewing impatiently on his familiar cigar.

When, several weeks later, Dr. Oberholzer came back, he was accompanied by Dr. W. W. Kemmerer, Assistant President of the new university. Meanwhile, Governor Landon had lost the presidential election by the most lopsided vote in the history of the Republican Party. Now Roy Cullen had leisure to talk over the proposition.

"Will this university provide education for all the young folks — kids whose fathers have to work for a living?" he asked. "I don't know much about colleges for I quit school when I was in the fifth grade and went to work. My son, Roy —" he paused, as he always did when he mentioned the name of his dead son — "Roy quit Rice just before he was ready to graduate, and went

to work, so he never got a degree."

Dr. Oberholzer's eyes glowed. "That's exactly what we are planning, Mr. Cullen: To provide educational opportunity for young people who don't have the money to go off to college — the sons and daughters of working people. And we want to offer an opportunity for working people themselves, who can attend classes in the evening and get vocational and technical training, as well as study academic and cultural subjects."

"That's the kind of college I'd like to help," said Roy. As he spoke there was the germ of an idea in his quick mind. More than a half-century before, a Western railroad builder, Senator Leland Stanford of California, had lost a son, and he had said, "The children of California shall be my children!" And the result had been Stanford University.

THEN AND THERE, Roy Cullen decided that a Houston University was worth working for. With characteristic energy, he plunged into the task of organizing the fund-raising campaign. But before the campaign was under way, he had already settled the future of the new university, if he had to build it himself! The upshot was that Roy and Lillie Cullen donated the entire sum needed for the first University of Houston building, which was to be the Roy Gustave Memorial Building.

"There is only one condition to this contribution," Roy said, as he

signed a check for \$260,000. "The University of Houston must always be a college for working men and women and their sons and daughters. If it were to be another rich man's college, I wouldn't be interested."

This gift of more than a quarter of a million dollars to education — large as it was — had a far more beneficial effect than the size of the donation. For it kindled a philanthropic fire in Roy Cullen's heart. He had, up to now, given little thought to educational institutions, except to make out checks covering the expenses of his own children's schooling. But now he became acutely aware of the philosophy of his grandfather, Ezekiel Cullen, who had declared to the Third Congress of Texas, six years before its admission to the Union:

"Intelligence is the only true aristocracy in a government like ours; and the improved and educated mind has and will ever triumph over the ignorant and uneducated mind." And subsequently: "General diffusion of knowledge . . . is the foundation of civil liberty, and constitutes our national strength and glory."

Almost to a day, a hundred years later, in 1939, the first Cullen building was dedicated on the campus of the new University of Houston, and the Cullen oil domain, under the banner of Quintana Petroleum, was extending its borders and bringing in new sources of wealth, a great part of which was to be siphoned off

into the educational project upon which Roy Cullen had embarked. The wealth that poured out of the bowels of the earth had now become a sacred trust to him. But not only education was to be promoted and supported lavishly. Health and public welfare, as well as culture, were also included.

ROY CULLEN's interest in his fellow-man was not confined to the boundaries of Texas, however. His voice had already been heard among bankers and politicians during the decade since he had first opposed the election of Roosevelt in 1932. And as the rumors and predictions of another war multiplied in the world, the old fears that he had felt before the "New Deal" and its "isms" prevailed, began to invade Roy's mind.

His growing distrust of politicians, coupled with his fear that war hysteria might plunge the nation into a virtual eclipse of its traditional concepts of freedom, persuaded him that some voice must be heard in the wilderness of war alarms and home-front scares.

And, at the start, it was a voice in the wilderness. Few heard the warnings of the tall, earnest Texas wildcatter; and except for those who knew him, his warnings were passed off as a natural complaint of a representative of the "Texas oil hierarchy." Why shouldn't an oil man, who had found millions of dollars in natural wealth, object to rigorous government controls? But Roy Cul-

len's attack was not against "government control," for like most oil operators, he recognized the need for industrial regulation . . . but not control that destroyed the right of private ownership.

When war finally came, with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Roy Cullen turned his energies toward the support of civil defense and the rise of America's air power. As the flames of war roared across the Pacific, his activities increased.

It was at the close of Roosevelt's third term that Roy Cullen, by now fully groomed in the art of political protagonism, decided the time had come for believers in American "free enterprise" to make a stand. The term "rugged individualism" had been battered into disrepute by the regimentalists of the New Deal. The fighting Texan saw in the "welfare state" of Franklin Roosevelt a kind of "creeping socialism" that he believed would surely corrode and destroy the initiative and free enterprise that had made America a great nation. By this time his political philosophy had crystalized into a hard core, and he believed the future good of America depended on destroying the power of the New Deal. He kept peppering away at the insidious "intellectualism" rotting the timber of the Ship of State.

A friend warned him: "If you don't stop fighting the New Deal in Texas, Roy, they'll carry you off on a stretcher."

"Let 'em try!" snapped Cullen.

But his dynamic political drive did not absorb all his attention. He still stood firmly at the helm of Quintana Petroleum, and much of his time was occupied with his growing interest in the welfare of the youth of his country — an activity to which he had begun to devote himself with his usual enthusiasm at the start of the war. The simple sense of human charity, learned years ago as a boy from his mother, led him into what was probably the most astonishing series of philanthropies on record. Besides showering rich gifts on Houston University, he donated to other educational institutions, hospitals, and churches. Once, in less than 48 hours he had given more than four and a half million dollars to separate hospitals. His philosophy of giving was closely bound up with his philosophy of living.

“**B**OOTH Lillie and I are pretty selfish about our giving,” he told members of the Texas Hospital Association in March, 1947, with a frank smile. “We want to see our money spent so we can enjoy the spending. A lot of our friends are much less selfish than we are. They are willing to let their heirs or trustees distribute their money after they are dead and gone, when they won’t get the kick out of giving it away.”

Again, on another occasion, he said: “Giving money away is no particular credit to me. Most of it

came out of the ground — and while I found the oil in the ground, I didn’t put it there. I’ve got a lot more than Lillie and I and our children and grandchildren can use. I don’t think I deserve any great credit for using it to help people.”

Deeds substantiated his words. In 1947, Roy Cullen established the Cullen Foundation, the third largest after the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations, and over the years he has given away about 93 per cent of his vast fortune!

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, from 1932 to 1947, Roy Cullen had been directing scattered and intermittent artillery fire at the entrenchments of “creeping socialism” in Washington. This was not playing politics, or indulging in a fanatic crusade, but was born of the hard realities of his own life as he had lived it . . . the creed of “rugged individualism.”

Cullen’s behind-the-scenes power in national politics was beginning to be understood before these fifteen years were over. He had built up an indefinable but nonetheless effective group of political leaders, chiefly in Congress, who were loyal to him and his ideals. Many of these legislators had been helped in their local campaigns by Roy Cullen’s support. He had mailed out thousands of pamphlets, reprints of magazine articles and excerpts from speeches. Indeed, he had become, in effect, a one-man propaganda machine in support of his convictions. Probably never be-

fore in American political history did a single man undertake such a widely spread national campaign — with no personal political objective except “to see the best man elected.”

The “Fair Deal” was as much anathema to the graying Texas oil man as the “New Deal” had been. F.D.R. and Harry Truman had been birds of a feather. He said: “We have reached a turning point where all the arguments and persuasion in the world will not affect the bureaucrats in Washington. Only one force can stop the advance of these foreign-born theories of government — and that is the American people!” And he launched “grass roots” campaign was, he believed, basically an effort to force what Roy Cullen considered the fundamental national issue — socialism vs. free enterprise — before the electorate of every state.

As the Presidential campaign of 1952 got under way, he felt it was going to be the most crucial in the history of the country since the election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in 1932. He concentrated on the possible candidates of the G.O.P., saw and talked with them. Wisely and shrewdly, he assayed the political chances of General Eisenhower, General MacArthur and Senator Taft. In the summer of 1951, approximately a year before the Republican Convention in Chicago, Roy Cullen addressed a joint letter to these three men. After referring to the acute Korean situation and the great danger to the country, he wrote:

“It will be necessary to elect a President by a large majority, so he will have the power to restore our government to its democratic principles. The people of our country honor you gentlemen above all others as possible candidates for the Republican nomination for President. . . . The reason I am writing you three gentlemen is that I am going to back and support to the best of my ability the one who happens to be the strongest candidate for the nomination of the Republican Party at the time of the primaries.”

On November 17, 1951, he wrote Taft that General Eisenhower “has the advantage in the polls,” but added that he was surrounded by some “unattractive people.” Cullen had also frankly told Taft before this communication that he didn’t think the Senator could carry one of the Southern states. Nevertheless, the following spring Taft’s political supporters in Texas carried out what was referred to as “the Texas steal.” It was this effort to capture the Texas delegation at the Republican Convention that swung the final outcome.

Roy Cullen, sitting in his office in the City National Bank Building, engineered the revolt of the Texas Republicans which paved the way for the victory of Dwight Eisenhower in Chicago in July, and ultimately of the landslide victory at the national elections in November of 1952.

ON JULY 3, 1951, Roy Cullen was seventy years of age. He had given forty of those years in unstinting service to the city of Houston, never as a political office-holder, but as a plain citizen, who wanted to see his city grow great. Early he had fought for the development of the Ship Channel, which made Houston one of the world's chief ports. He had founded a university and built it almost single-handed. He had endowed hospitals and made possible the Texas Medical Center and the Baylor School of Medicine in Houston. He had given to the Boy Scouts, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., the Art Museum and the Symphony Society. And he had fought for good government in his city, his state and his country.

On September 22, 1951, Roy stood with Lillie, bareheaded under cloudy skies that had dripped rain all afternoon, and looked at the faces of 60,000 Houstonians who had come to pay a signal honor to the couple. The celebration of "Cullen Day" had been a spontaneous expression of public gratitude.

The crowd was waiting for Roy to rise. But before he stood up, a girl, Anseth Peel, a former patient at the Gonzales Warm Springs Hospital for Crippled Children, which he had founded, came on the platform and presented Roy and Lillie with a strange-looking object. It was a bronze leg brace and a baby shoe, mounted on a wooden base. Both had been worn by a crippled child

who had been cured at the hospital, and they had been encased in bronze to be presented to the Cullens.

"This is a symbol from us," Miss Peel said. "We love you both."

Roy Cullen's strong face was working in an ill-disguised effort to keep back the tears, but now they streamed down his cheeks. He gripped the bronze piece, and looked to Lillie for help. She smiled, and took the gift as he rose to thank the multitude.

"My heart is so full," he said, his voice choking. "No matter how much eloquence I might have, I could not express our gratitude in words. Mrs. Cullen and I can truly call this moment the best in our lives. Now we can really appreciate the Twenty-third Psalm — 'My cup runneth over.' God bless you all."

The crowd drowned his words with a roar; and Lillie, now standing beside him, looked at the rugged face of the man she had followed into Oklahoma when it was a raw, untamed Territory . . . and down to Houston when laborers were still dredging the Ship Channel into the heart of the city.

"We've tried to help everyone, regardless of their creed or color," Roy went on, in a half-choked tone, when the thunder died down. "We have tried to devote our efforts and our means to help bring education and health and happiness to people. We have always believed — as my grandfather Ezekiel Cullen believed — that only an educated and en-

lightened people can remain free. And now we have reached the time of fulfillment and contentment.”

The short speech was unrehearsed, and just as Roy Cullen’s deep emotions had expressed themselves naturally and simply in his remarks about the “education and health” of a free people, his equally deep distrust of those forces which were directed at the destruction of these things welled to the surface of his thoughts.

“I cannot close without telling you people,” he said, “that I have been fighting the things that are trying to destroy what we have — the freedom we enjoy as Americans — the kind of freedom my grandfather believed in. I have been fighting them . . . and as long as any breath remains in me, I will keep on fighting them!”

NATURALLY, Roy Cullen was delighted when in the November election of 1952 Eisenhower piled up an unprecedented majority of more than 100,000 votes in Texas. He wired the President-elect:

“A large majority of the people of the United States have the same faith in you that I have, and they will stand behind you and Congress in curing the ills that now exist in our Government.”

This was on November 5, 1952. Two weeks later he again wired:

“I am fully aware that the pork-barrel gang will give you a big working over. In view of this fact I am writing you a letter which may be of

benefit to you. Personally, I have nothing to ask of you for myself, my family, nor any of my close friends; and I have no intention to tell you who to appoint in your cabinet or how to handle the Korean tragedy.

“When President Roosevelt tore up the wonderful Democratic platform of 1932, and in 1933 started our country down the road to socialism, I then started fighting to help save our form of government. During all the nineteen years of my efforts I have worked with worthy political leaders of both parties. . . . As I told you some two years ago while visiting my home and as I have repeated to you often in my letters while you were in Europe, the people wanted to nominate and elect you President. I informed you that many politicians trying to build their political fences were getting on your band wagon. I would give little heed to this pork-barrel gang.”

On January 22, 1953, after the inauguration, he wrote with deep emotion:

“I have known you as a man and soldier, and I believe you have the best opportunity to become the greatest President the United States has ever had. I am sure I shall not always agree in every detail with your policies, but I know full well that fundamentally we have been in accord in the thoughts of what is ultimately best for our country. I know you will never willfully destroy the trust the people have placed in you, and my only fear is

that you will be misdirected by those 'little men' who have lost the prime quality of greatness and have become nothing more than politicians."

THE INAUGURATION of General Eisenhower as President might have marked the close of a twenty-year battle which Roy Cullen had been waging — sometimes with others, and at times virtually alone — to restore a concept of American freedom as he had known it since he came to young manhood in Texas and Oklahoma fifty years before.

In reality, he had assumed a kind of benevolent protectorate over the political affairs of his state and country. Claiming only the status of an ordinary citizen, he used the scope of his vast personal contacts to create a kind of political momentum . . . the force of opinion of Mr. John Q. Public, in the person of Hugh Roy Cullen. He wrote voluminously to Congressmen and Senators, to governors and members of the Cabinet; and he answered letters that came to him from every walk of life. By means of this constant flow of correspondence, he was more in touch with the political temper of the times, the ebb and flow of public opinion, than the professional politicians and editors of newspapers and magazines, whose business was to know what people thought and said.

"I know what people are thinking about," he often declared, "because I get letters from them — a lot more than anybody in politics."

As a matter of fact, the flood of letters he received at times reached monumental proportions. When a reporter for the Associated Press wrote a story about the "human gusher from Texas" who gave away millions of dollars and opinions with equally impulsive generosity, more than 20,000 people wrote to Roy Cullen!

Moving down the corridors of his long span of life, he has left on the state and nation his forefathers helped to build, the indelible imprint of the thing that had made America strong: Faith in himself and in people, and the courage to make that faith stand up.

For fifty years a rugged individualist, his belief in freedom is more than a political conviction. It is a religion. And in religion itself, he has been a strong individualist. Roy Cullen espoused no specific religion or creed, and has donated money without preference or favor to Protestants and Catholics and Jews.

ON ONE OCCASION he was asked by a minister to come to his church so that he might express his gratitude to the oil man for his great contributions to hospitals in Houston. Roy went to church, and the minister asked him to kneel and pray.

"Why do I have to kneel?" Cullen enquired. "Why can't I pray standing up?"

The minister was astonished. "That's the way people pray, Mr. Cullen."

"It's not the way I pray," Roy said. "Look here: God made my feet as well as my knees, didn't He?" The minister nodded. "Well, I do most everything else on my feet, and I think it will be all right with Him if I pray on my feet."

Similarly, on another occasion, he met the Reverend Billy Graham, the evangelist. He put the question to Roy, who had by that time given millions to Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Catholic and non-sectarian hospitals, why he had not become a regular member of any church. Cullen in reply took the evangelist out on the lawn in front of his palatial white house at River Oaks, and pointed to the night sky.

"See that star up there? It's probably a million light years away from us. And over there is another star, maybe a million light years away from the first one. My church is up there somewhere . . . and I haven't been able to locate the exact place it is."

And Dean Manion of Notre Dame sat one evening in the Cullen living room at River Oaks, and asked his host about his philosophy of life, and later the Dean said:

"Roy Cullen freely declares his disbelief in any religious dogma, but he has the most profound belief in God I have ever encountered. . . . The keynote of life is faith — the

faith that determination, truth and hard work will bring rewards of personal happiness and material prosperity."

The oil man has often expressed his philosophy of the good life in these words, which go even further than the Dean's observation:

"Faith is the greatest thing in the world! Faith in your fellowman and in yourself. It is greater than love, because if you have faith in yourself, in your friends and neighbors, then you've also got love, too!"

There is something in the character of such a life that must appeal to all mankind. Through the fabric of Roy Cullen's life is woven a consistent thread — not only in the development of his own character, but in the unflagging persistence with which he adhered to certain codes of living, inherited from his Scottish forebears, and nourished and strengthened by his mother, Louise Cullen.

And so the Cullen story goes on, with Roy Cullen striding through his seventies with the same vigor and zeal that he marched through his thirties. "Retiring" was not in the Cullen vocabulary. As he had told Lillie, years ago:

"As long as folks live, they must keep on working, for when you quit working you die — physically, or mentally."





That Wonderful CASTOR OIL

BY JACK CARROLL

ALTHOUGH 15,000,000 pounds of castor oil were produced from this country's castor bean fields last year, only a fraction found its way — under stiff protest — into little stomachs. For today castor oil is no longer regarded merely as a childhood tummyache remedy.

About a hundred years ago, castor oil's only industrial value came from its use as an aid in dyeing textiles. Later its use multiplied in lubricants, paints, cosmetics, hairdressing, linoleum, oil cloth and ointments. After World War I the flexibility, toughness and elasticity of castor oil made it an effective ingredient for lacquers, and plastics.

During World War II castor oil became a strategic material, used mainly as a liquid cushion for artillery recoil mechanisms. With enemy submarines preventing normal import of the oil from our chief source in Brazil, the Department of Agriculture developed a program to grow castor bean plant varieties suitable to conditions here.

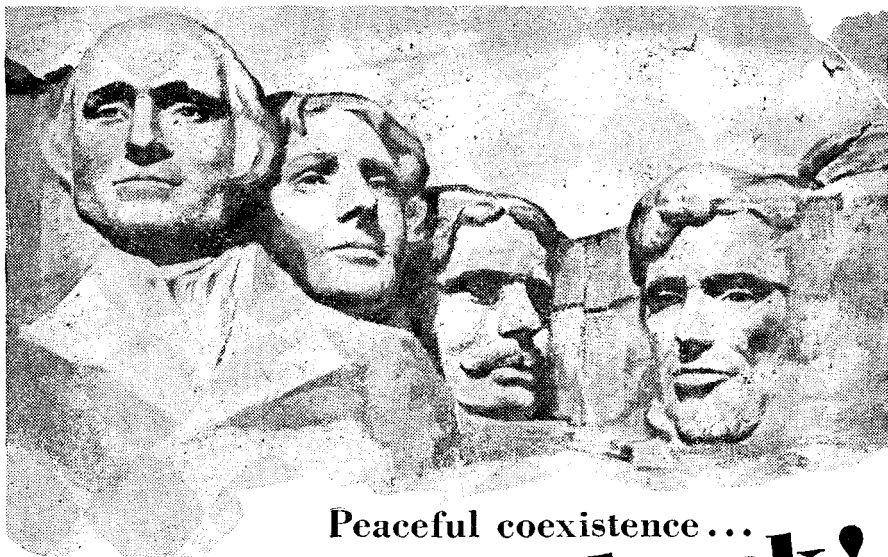
When cheap imports became available again after the war, the

program came to a virtual halt. But with the outbreak of the Korean War castor oil was back on the strategic commodity list. This time the oil was being used for jet engine lubricants, plastic coatings for telephone wires, and fungicides.

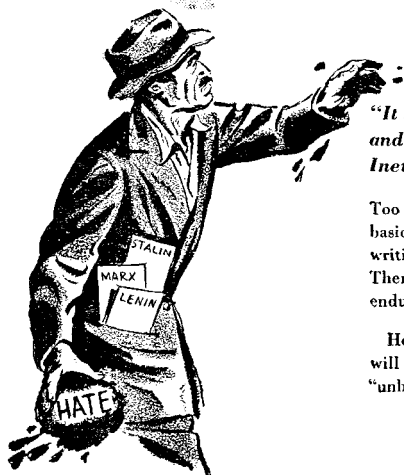
A combination of qualities gives castor oil an advantage over substitute materials. It has an unusual chemical purity. It adheres well to other substances and spreads evenly over hot metal. It is also chemically stable — which means that it will not corrode metals or damage rubber, as do most other oils.

Ethyl cellulose, a plastic, may be transformed into a rubbery material by treatment with castor oil. This "ethyl-rubber" has already been put to hundreds of uses.

Six years ago the total castor bean acreage was less than 200 acres. Last fall, 125,000 acres were harvested. One of the reasons for the expanded domestic crop is to supplement an uncertain foreign supply. But the big reason is in the increasing number of uses this once greatly detested little bean is being put to.



Peaceful coexistence... **bunk!**



"It is inconceivable," said Lenin, "that communism and democracy can exist side by side in this world. Inevitably one must perish."

Too many people forget — because they want to forget — this basic rule of communism. *The communists do not forget.* The writings of Marx, Lenin and Stalin are still communist law. There is no compromise . . . no middle ground . . . no enduring "coexistence."

How long communism can live, no one knows. Freedom will never die. Its leaders will long outlive communism's "unholy three." Tyranny always causes its own destruction.

W. B. Stewart
PRESIDENT



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